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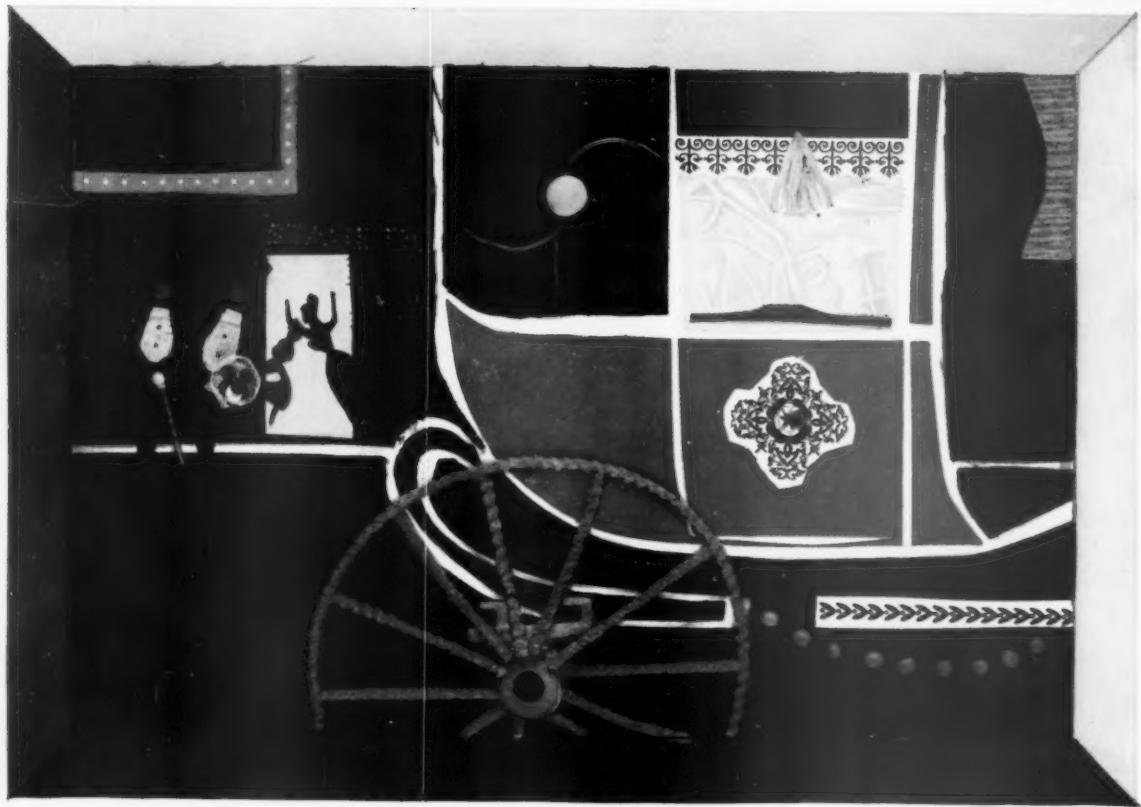
PUNCH, OCTOBER 31 1956

VOL. CCXXXI

# Punch

9d





## Nightscape with light relief

This gentleman, has he stepped out of this barouche? Is he a late-o-clocker, this man-about-thirty? He does not answer us or light his cigarette.

He is lost in thought. We can speak freely. We can admire his dinner suit.

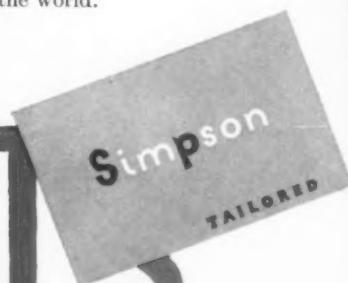
Which is a Daks dinner suit, and spells freedom. From uncertainty.

From restriction. From weight. The jacket is immaculate. The trousers are Daks, self-supporting. Barathea? No . . .

Lightweight worsted? As it happens, no. *It's the new Zephair cloth* (wool and mohair) for lightness, resilience, ever more freedom.

Hail Daks! Anywhere in the world.  
Thus and therefore.

D A K S U I T S



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Two thousand five hundred trains a day pass through Clapham Junction station. On the little island of Ascension, in mid-Atlantic, there is a busy station too, but the traffic is in words not trains. Here Cable & Wireless Limited have an important Relay Station capable of handling hundreds of thousands of words a day . . . news on every conceivable subject from the state of a market to the score in a Test Match.



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ASCENSION ISLAND by Rowland Hilder, R.I.

Cable and Wireless Ltd. provides vital facilities for Commonwealth communications. It owns a world-wide network of 150,000 miles of submarine cable which it maintains with a fleet of 8 cable ships. It also owns and maintains wireless relay stations on the trunk routes, operates the overseas telegraph services of most of the colonial territories, and cable services in various other countries throughout the world.

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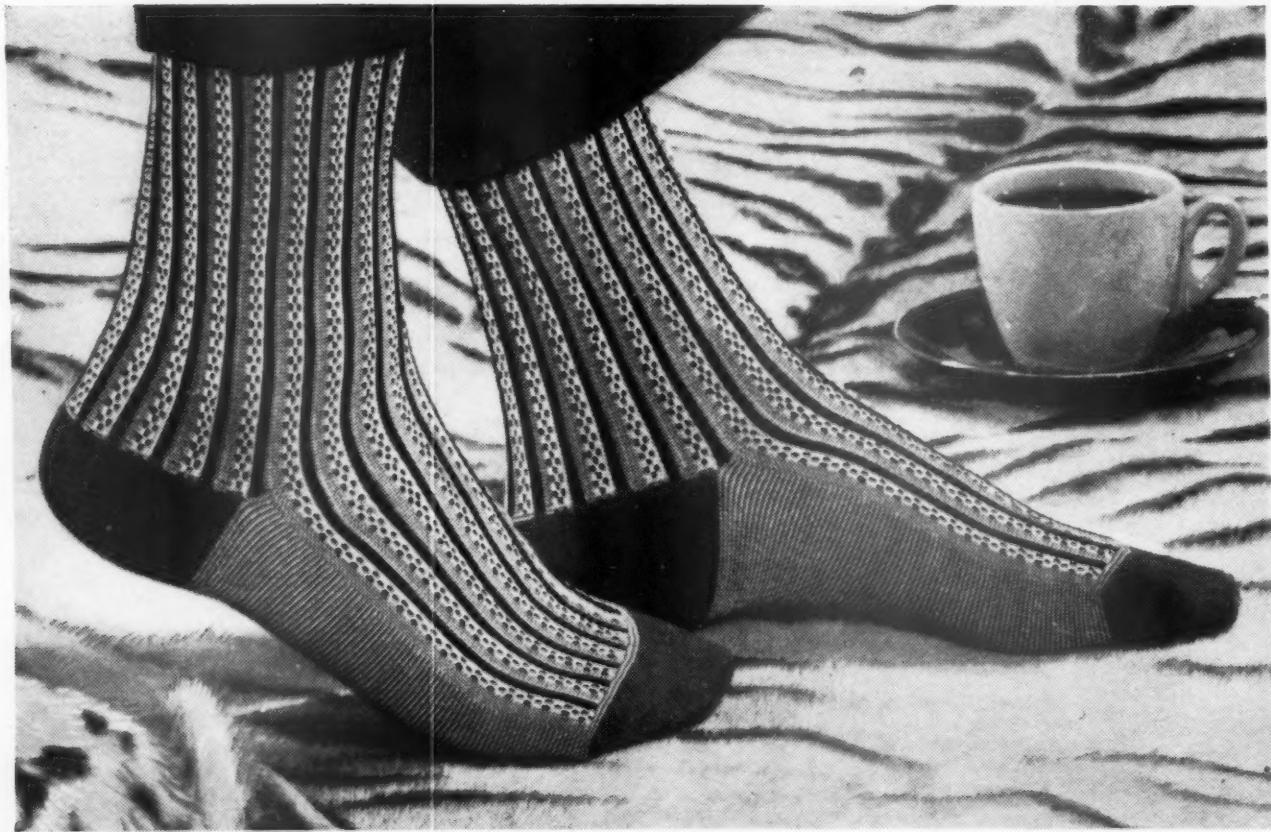
**CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED**

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The new

*All-Nylon*

socks





## smartest you ever set foot in!

Ease into the new all-nylon socks, see and feel the difference! They stretch to give smooth, snug fit from top to toe—whatever size your foot. Full soft texture, warmth without fug—never such free-and-easy walking in your life. These socks wash in no time, cannot shrink, refuse to wear out. In patterns, colours, weights for every man and moment. Nothing like them! *In the shops now.*



nothing like

Nylon



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**PARKER-KNOLL**  
**have comfort taped**

EVERY GENUINE PARKER-KNOLL MODEL BEARS A  
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with a  
**MODERN**  
open fire  
cooker...

giving lots  
of hot  
water too!

**SOFONO**  
OPEN-FIRE COOKER  
AND WATER HEATER

Being continuous burning, the Sofono ensures ample supplies of hot water, all the time. Available in various bright easy-to-clean vitreous enamel finishes. Ask your local stockist for leaflet giving full details.



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A FEDERATED FOUNDRIES COMPANY



**LILLET**

THE DRY APERITIF THAT  
IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT



One of the differences being  
that many of our English  
friends enjoy LILLET as the  
ideal long drink.

(Approximately two-thirds  
Lillet with one-third gin. Add  
a lump of ice and a slice of  
lemon. Top up with soda  
water.)



*"Now tell me how you like my coffee"*



Hair Style by French, of London

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is *immediately* aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. It is the freshest coffee you can buy.



LYONS FOR REAL COFFEE

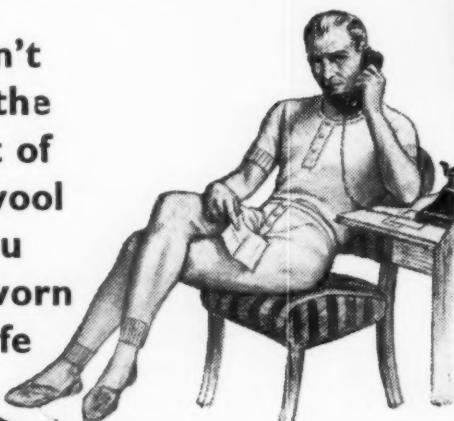
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DUBONNET CREATES  
**le genre d'appétit qui rend**  
THE KIND OF APPETITE THAT MAKES  
**plus profonds les saluts**  
HEAD WAITERS BOW  
**des maîtres d'hôtel.**  
A LITTLE DEEPER.

The man who precedes a meal with a glass or two of Dubonnet finds his appetite whetted to knife-like keenness. Get a bottle of Dubonnet today (20/-) and approach your meals like a gourmet.

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*adds gaiety to living but never leaves you liverish*  
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

You don't know the comfort of pure wool until you have worn Chilprufe



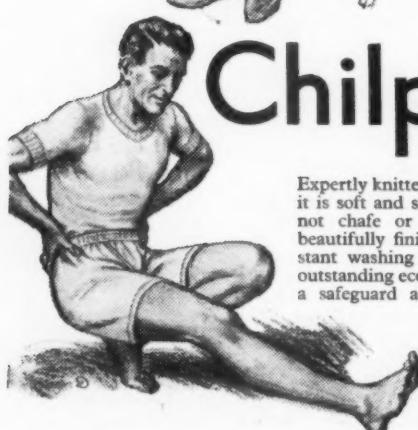
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for MEN

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Write for  
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CHILPRUFE LIMITED  
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## Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches

NEVER before have the great men of the age been so well known to their contemporaries as today. News of almost all their words and actions is flashed round the world in seconds. Their faces and voices are made daily familiar to us in newspaper photographs, on the radio, in films and on television. We are intensely aware not only of their importance but also of their personalities. Their impact is enormous on us as well as on world events.

It would not be fitting to name them here, for they include royalty, the heads of States, great statesmen, and service chiefs. But there is one unusual thing we invite you to look at when you next see them or their pictures—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely bear the name of Rolex.

Accustomed though they are to the very best, these eminent men are nevertheless amazed at the accuracy and reliability of their Rolex watches. Rolex are proud that they quickly take these qualities for granted.



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*A landmark in the history of Time measurement*

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For sheer power and truly brilliant performance, try the new GOLDEN ESSO EXTRA — the supreme 100 Octane petrol for very high compression engines!

\* Both GOLDEN ESSO EXTRA and ESSO EXTRA are blended with N.S.O. (patented) for longer valve life.

World renowned for smooth, silent power, ESSO EXTRA gives unbeatable all-round performance under all conditions in the majority of cars on the road to-day.

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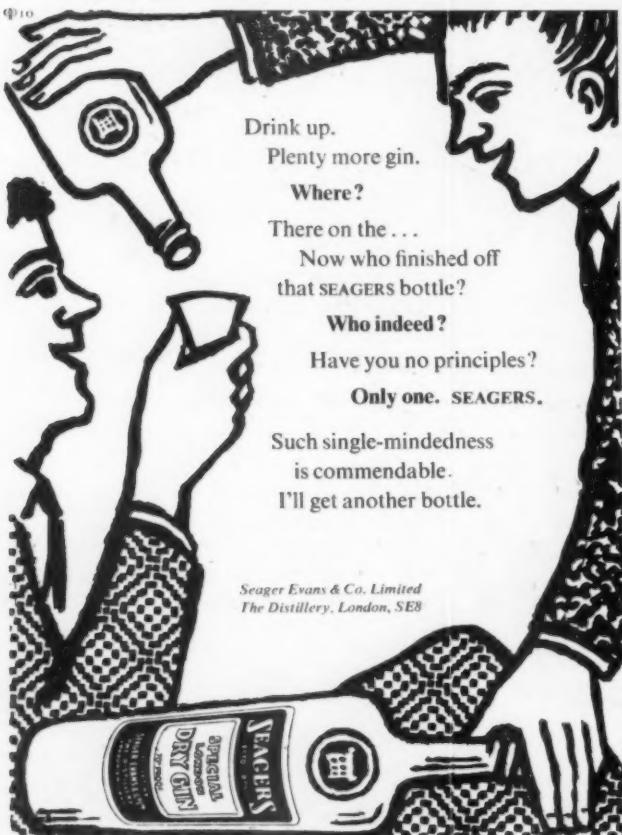
These  
will last  
as leather  
gloves  
**should** last  
and so will the fit

Called WELLINGTON and made by Dents these are first-rate cape leather gloves which really *last*. Like all Dents gloves, they're made with "hidden fit." This means that they will stretch sideways, adjusting themselves to the shape of your hand, but they won't stretch the other way—beyond the ends of your fingers. Inside, the gloves are lined with pure, warm, comfortable Botany wool. This fine pair of gloves will cost you only 37/6.



37/6

## DENTS WELLINGTON



**NICE 3 hours 25 minutes**  
**PALMA 3 hours 10 minutes**  
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**NAPLES 4 hours 55 minutes**

*All times are from London Airport Central.*

Get away now to a place in the sun. To warm uncrowded places by a warm lazy sea. And lose no time on the way. Fly BEA. Your swift BEA journey is all part of your holiday—and BEA really looks after you. You have no worries, no one to tip. Willing hands take care of your luggage. And the flight in the Viscount or Elizabethan is comfort itself. One final point. If you can't speed south to the sun now, then do it later. Make a date with spring where spring comes fine and early. For full details consult your travel agent.

**Achtung skiers!** For snow with your sunshine and both as fast as possible, here are some more swift BEA timings: to Geneva 1 hour 55 minutes, to Munich 2 hours 20 minutes.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



## Of Dragons, Guns and Waterspouts . . .

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES sailors regarded waterspouts with great terror. The Chinese, and others, believed these were caused by the violent ascent and descent of dragons. The danger was real enough, for the wind in wild blasts near the waterspout could capsize small vessels carrying much sail. The standard practice for averting this danger was to discharge artillery into the clouds to frighten away the dragon.

Today, goods in transit on land, sea and in the air

are not held to be in great danger from dragons. But they are in danger of damage from rough handling and they do need sound protection—reliable packaging. Many leading manufacturers find "Fiberite" cases, and cartons made from "Thames Board", more than adequate to safeguard their products and display them to advantage. These modern packaging materials are the products of many skills and experience unique in the industry.

# THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BOARD AND PACKING CASES IN BRITAIN

Purfleet, Essex



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"THAMES BOARD" for cartons, boxes, bookbinding, etc. "FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard



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**make very good shirts  
at very reasonable prices**

By making our own shirts from materials specially woven for us we can sell them at a lower price than you would expect to pay for such outstanding quality and workmanship. And there is always a wider choice of styles, shades and patterns. Collar sizes 14"—18½". Drop in next time you're passing one of our shops and have a look at our shirts. They're arranged for you to see without having to ask.

**30/- 35/- 40/-**

*Collar-attached or two collars. Two sleeve lengths.*

**AUSTIN REED**  
*Of Regent Street*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES.

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality  
Havana wrappers are used  
for both brands of cigars.

**GIVE HIM PERFECT SHAVING**  
*and pride in a gift of quality*

This **NEW** Rolls **SUPER BLADE**  
outlasts—outshaves  
all others!



Better than ever!  
That's the sensational news about the world-famous Rolls Razor. Honed and stropped in its case, the new process hollow ground blade of Sheffield steel gives years of speedy luxurious shaving and saves pounds on blade-buying! Razor 63/- complete, or in smart Pouch Set with extra blade, 90/7d. The new Super Blade has already inspired numerous glowing testimonials from delighted customers.

**ROLLS RAZOR**  
The better-than-ever  
**ONE BLADE SAFETY**  
**£3-3-0**  
Complete

If he prefers dry shaving, give him a Rolls Viceroy Electric Shaver. The "A.C.-Four" at £7. 10. 6d. has been chosen by BOAC for their new Britannia aircraft. Other models from £5. 9. 9d.

**ROLLS RAZOR**

*The world's finest shaving instrument*

Descriptive leaflet from Dept. D.17.  
ROLLS RAZOR LTD., LONDON, N.W.2  
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Sebel NEST-A-BYE  
chair — steel frame,  
canvas seat and back.  
Chairs nest neatly  
when out of use.  
Tables to match.

Sebel steel chairs and tables fold or stack away very quickly into a very small space. They're strongly built, lightweight, comfortable and good-looking, with a wide choice of colours and finishes. Sebel furniture is ideal for halls, cafés, canteens and clubs — wherever there's a seating job to be done efficiently and inexpensively.

# Sebel

★ Write for free book about the complete range of Sebel Steel Furniture to Department 6G, Sebel Products Ltd., West Street, Erith, Kent.

# Can't stop now...



# I'm going to extract all the fun from a



ROY DAVIS

# South African holiday

...and if I travel by Mailship from Southampton during April, May or June 1957, I shall save 33½% on the First Class return fare with option of return by any mailship during August, Sept. or Oct.

Ask your Travel Agent or 3 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

# UNION-CASTLE

Southampton to South Africa  
every Thursday afternoon at 4.0

# This is a ROVER year



To the improved versions of the three existing models are now added two 100 m.p.h. new-comers—the 105R with fully automatic transmission, and the 105S, the most brilliant performer ever to come from Rover. With free-wheel, automatic overdrive and fully automatic 2-pedal transmission to choose from, and overall design improved by a new front contour, this is indeed a Rover year.

## THE NEW FIVE-CAR RANGE

### • THE 2-LITRE 60, THE 75 AND THE 90

These well-established models are now all available with automatic overdrive as an optional extra. This is an alternative to the free-wheel on the 2-litre 60 and 75, and gives a higher maximum speed and fast, silent cruising at low engine speeds, with a consequent reduction in engine wear and petrol consumption. Top gear flexibility, so valuable when driving in traffic, remains unaffected.

### • THE ROVER 105R

A new luxury car fitted with

ROVERDRIVE — fully automatic, 2-pedal transmission with built-in automatic overdrive. Whether for effortless driving in traffic or restful long distance touring, this 105R is a notable addition to "Britain's fine cars".

**• THE ROVER 105S** Powered by the same 105 b.h.p. twin carburettor engine as the 105R, this model has a conventional transmission system with automatic overdrive. The result is the liveliest Rover in the range, with superb acceleration that few cars on the road can match.



*By Appointment  
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers  
The Rover Co. Ltd.*

# ROVER



**S**EEKING a draught of cool common sense in last week's news-desert of Eastern Europe, readers of *The Times* were not disappointed. "Hungary lies at the feet of your Majesty." So wrote the triumphant General Paskievich [so wrote *The Times* leader-writer] to the Tsar after joining in putting down the Kossuth rising in 1849. Whether history is to be wholly repeated depends on many things still unknown." Such as whether Russia is going to have the Tsars back.

#### Plenty To Go At

MILITARY journalists have a thin time of it between wars, and they cashed in with pardonable promptness on the Reservist troubles, crisply pointing out what is wrong and how it is to



be righted. Said one literary brigadier: "It should be forbidden to employ a national serviceman on a job which was not performed in war." Most participants in the late conflict will agree that this opens up a rich field of time-absorbing occupations, from making cigarette-lighters in the sheet-metal shop and pressing the adjutant's trousers to scratching together a dance band for the officers' mess Ladies' Night, exercising the C.O.'s dog, or setting up an interesting and profitable sideline in kit-bag stencilling.

#### Thought for the Exercise Yard

INCREASING an earlier sentence on a prisoner convicted of stealing jewellery while employed as a housemaid, Mr. Justice Hallett, in the Court of Criminal Appeal, said that she had been getting

work by means of false references—"in these days when domestic servants are hard to come by." Judges are not, of course, bound by any rule of relevancy, and there is no reason why a housemaid in gaol shouldn't have her thoughts directed in this way to the present hardships of the upper classes.

#### Nothing Missed

BOTH Whitehall and Fleet Street court criticism from time to time, but no one is on record as having found fault with their filing systems. While the appropriate Civil Servant reminded the Queen to congratulate the New Hebrides on fifty years' of Anglo-French condominium last week, the *Evening Standard* had a nice bit in its gossip column about Lord Thurso's being sixty-six.

#### S.W.A.L.K.

GOVERNMENT reshuffle letters, with their "My dear Prime Minister" and "My dear Bert," or whatever it is, make titillating public reading when released to the Press, affording the masses a spicy glimpse of hearts opened between rulers. Those who feel that all



this excitement is unhealthy for the man in the street may well include Sir Anthony Eden; the text of his letter accepting Sir Walter Monckton's resignation, as quoted in the release from 10 Downing Street, was actually headed "Personal and Confidential."

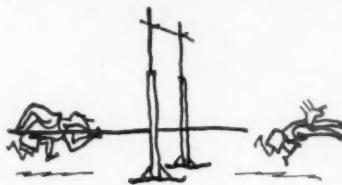
#### Brass Tacks

AFTER all the rampaging at Westminster about the Polish crisis, the

Suez crisis, the Cyprus crisis and the reservist, defence and economic crises, it was good to hear Sir Norman Hulbert, Member for North Stockport, announcing on his return from Germany that he would lose no time in calling the Chancellor of the Exchequer's attention to a rather more vital matter: "M.P.s and Ministers are not covered by any form of insurance when travelling in Transport Command aircraft."

#### One Thing at a Time

WISDOM lies behind the decision not to allow a Chinese opera company to appear in Melbourne during the Olympic



Games because "controversy might be caused." If the Games run to form Australia will have all the controversy it can hold, anyway.

#### Lesser Evil

ONE question posed in the evening paper series "The Bible Was Right" was "Should 1956 really be 1949?" Naturally, the only possible reply is "Yes, please."

#### Mind the Undertow

WITH typical openmindedness the public passed no opinion on Viscount Hailsham's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, preferring to give him time to show them how much he knew about ships. Patience was rewarded by his first speech in the House of Lords, which dealt fluently with automation, worker-management relations, the unending struggle of the human race against poverty, market planning, statistics of Government expenditure on

science buildings and his Lordship's personal experiences with a mechanical gardening tool.

#### Danger of Gilding

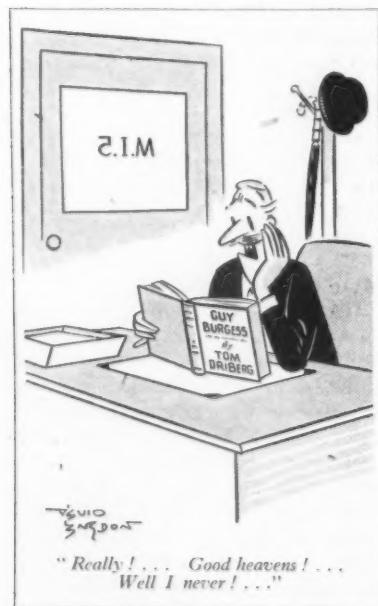
CULTURAL and diplomatic circles were both upset by the Italians' indignation over their Government's plan to send precious works of art on a tour of America; it quite shook their confidence in the myth about Art as the Ambassador of Goodwill. They forget, of course—as Italians do not—what Miss Lollobrigida looked like when she came back from the States.

#### May Turn Out Well

IN fairness to many British Railways employees it must be said that they do not entirely approve of that indictment of coloured workers by the Stratford depot, which dubbed them unfit for the job, unfamiliar with the language and a potential danger to the travelling public. Thousands of railwaymen want judgment on the coloured men to be suspended until they've had a chance to show their mettle in the forthcoming £40,000,000 wage struggle.

#### Hungarian Fantasy

Now the red star begins to fade,  
And, hastening to their homeland's aid,  
Go Arthur Koestler, Arpad Plesch,  
Emery Reeves and George Mikes.



## THE OLD RED FLAG

By T\*M DR\*B\*RG

**W**HEN in the autumn of 1956 the two diplomats Bergess and Maclean suddenly vanished from Russia it was generally thought that they had gone beyond the Iron Curtain and probably to England. Bergess had been educated in England and had once there spoken to a member of the proletariat. When he was at Cambridge he said one day "Can you tell me the way to the Trumpington Road?" "Third turning on the right," said the proletarian. Bergess never forgot this incident.

An Old Etonian who had been in Bergess's dacha, or house, showed me one day a cutting from an English newspaper which recorded that Bergess had been appointed the new British Foreign Secretary. It is perhaps surprising that since secret service agents had been searching for him for some months none of them had noticed this item of news.

I went over to England and entering a post office I bought two penny stamps and one halfpenny. Licking their backs, I affixed these stamps to the top right-hand corner of an envelope and addressed it to Bergess at the Foreign Office. A few days later I ran into Bergess on the moving staircase at Piccadilly Circus:

*Draberg: What put it into your head to come to England?*

*Bergess: One day Maclean and I agreed to lunch at the Moskwa but there wasn't a table. Maclean said "I am seriously worried. I am not being followed by the dicks." I agreed with Donald that this was serious. "I must get out of here," said Donald. I thought that maybe I would get out too. Donald was never very practical. Besides, he hadn't finished his ham. "How does one get out of places?" he asked. "You go to a little window at the railway station," I explained, "and say to it 'Two singles to Victoria.' Then they give you two tickets which men come round and punch from time to time."*

*Draberg: How did you find out that there was a train?*

*Bergess: Oh, I bought a time-table that showed that there was one at ten-fifteen.*

*Draberg: And then you caught it?*

Guy looked at me for a moment with his bird-like, ragamuffin face. His

cigarette dropped out of his mouth, and fell down inside his trousers. "Yes," he said to me simply, "we caught it."

*Draberg: Did you take much luggage?*

*Bergess: A pair of pyjamas.*

*Draberg: Any books?*

*Bergess: One—*A Life of Lord Beaverbrook*. I never go anywhere without it.*

*Draberg: Did you have any difficulties in your journey?*

*Bergess: None at all in crossing Europe, but it was a different story when we reached Dover. The train was held up for two hours. So Donald and I each bought a cup of tea. I had sugar in mine, but he had his without sugar. People often make a mistake in thinking that we have exactly the same tastes.*

*Draberg: And what did you do when you got to London?*

*Bergess: Then they told us to go to a place in the country called Oxford. I found another railway time-table and it said that there was a train for Oxford at five-thirteen.*

*Draberg: Who do you think issued this time-table?*

*Bergess: I suppose one might say the Authorities.*

*Draberg: And what did you do at Oxford?*

*Bergess: Well, we never had a chance of visiting the motor works because whenever we tried to catch the bus it was always full. We lived in a place called a College, and at the High Canteen in the evening we listened to the Dons talking about roads. We spent most of our time reading the *Daily Mail*. Then they rang up and asked me to be Foreign Secretary as they had to have a new one.*

*Draberg: And do you like the work?*

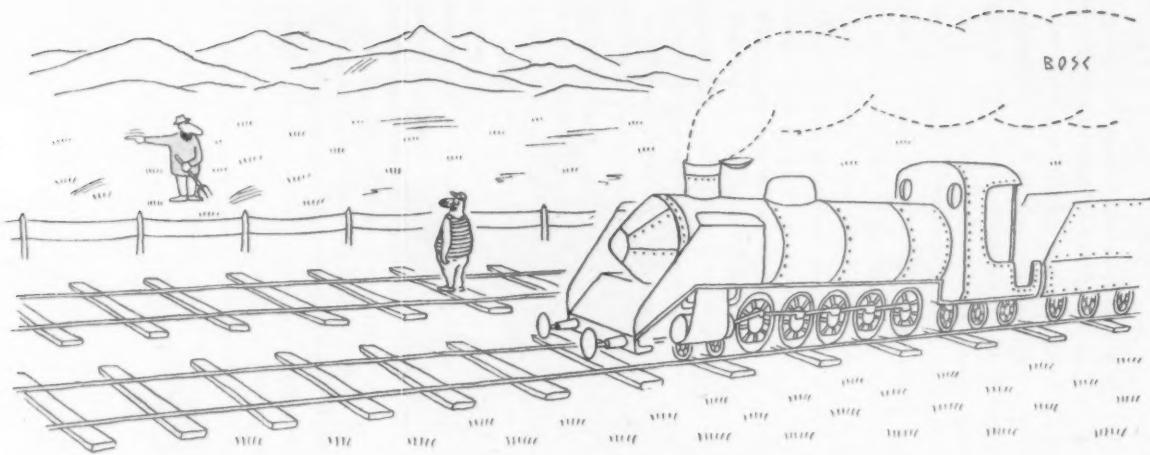
*Bergess: Oh, yes. Three days a week I fly over to Paris to see the French Foreign Minister, and three days a week he flies over to London to see me.*

*Draberg: What do you do in between?*

*Bergess: I just sit waiting by the telephone. Sometimes they ring up and sometimes they don't. And then I tell them that we have a resolute policy, and the lighting-up time, and all sorts of things like that.*

C. H.





## Say, Watchman

By GWYN THOMAS

**I**'VE just been holding the nervetonic bottle steady for Selwyn Dell. Selwyn is a collector of rents on one of the biggest council estates in Belmont. He's been in a kind of Savonarola vein for months, preaching to us about council tenants chasing after every sort of pleasure to the neglect of their rent-books. If half the tales that Selwyn tells are true, humanity is having a high time, and he foresees a crop of evictions shortly that will make the history of Ireland in the nineteenth century look like a mere playing with woe.

A week ago, after a long sleepless night sipping gripe-water and reading aloud from Malthus, he had bearded some voter called Mortimer Short whose wife, unknown to him, had been squandering the rent-money while telling Short that it was being duly handed over to Selwyn Dell. Selwyn was in cutting mood and spoke lucidly through the mouth of Malthus. He would have mentioned Malthus and his teachings to Short, but he could see that Short was leading a devious sort of life and would probably be confused. He told him that it was still too early in the century of the common man for him to be cutting off all relations with the council, and unless he started resuming his weekly payments without delay there would be a howl of rage from the Borough Surveyor and a swoop of wrists from Selwyn that would soon take the gloss off his washing-machine, the glow

from his cathode tube and the pennants from his little car.

At first Mortimer Short, who worked in a welding shop that gave him headaches, was just bemused by all this irony. Then he bounded into his house and demanded an explanation from his wife. The wife rushed up with some clumsy bit of guile. She claimed that Selwyn had encouraged her to put the rent-money on race-horses of which he boasted a great knowledge, and he had paid her rent in himself in return for favours such as overt canoodling on the parlour settee. Short's wife finished her account with the flat, serious remark that she would not be surprised if Selwyn turned out to be the most persistently lecherous collector of rents since the inception of tenancy and dues.

Short spent a few minutes just looking at Selwyn. Selwyn is a small, modest man and Short might have been wondering at the strangeness of nature's ways. "On the front room settee," he said, and he went into the front room and fingered this article of furniture as if this would give him a clue to Selwyn's behaviour. Then he told Selwyn to wait for him on the pavement outside. Selwyn was glad to do this because he had been catching his hair half-way to the floor all through the statement made by Mrs. Short. He had sworn off sex and gambling during the revival of 1927 and had had few chances of going back on his word.

Selwyn took his place on the pavement while Short went to the garage to get his little car which bore a lot of stickers and pennants bearing such words as "Porthcawl for Pleasure," "It's Better at Blackpool" and "Looe, Looe!" These slogans had been getting on Selwyn's nerves for weeks. To him they summed up the destructive flippancy of all who feed on the high flesh of public subsidy. He thought that Short was now seeing reason and was preparing to drive him down to the Town Hall to put the rent matter right, apologize to the Borough Treasurer, and perform a sacrificial stripping of the pennants. So Selwyn stood on the pavement quite happily, looking to right and left and signalling efficiently to Short that the road was clear. Then he had to jump like a goat because Short, bending over the wheel with a crazed grin on his face, was coming right at him at top speed, pointing to his pennants and shouting that the next one to be put up would be made of beaten human skin bearing the name of Selwyn Dell and a few words in praise of gambling and lust.

Then followed ten minutes of indelible terror for Selwyn. Short chased him all over the estate, and if he had not from time to time gone crashing into walls, against which he expected to pin Selwyn, he would surely have done Selwyn great harm. Short's wife, fond of trips to the coast and jaunts of that

sort, when she saw that Short's jealous passion might well lead him to wreck the car, flagged him to a slower pace and made a full confession. She said that the only time Selwyn had laid a part of himself on the front room settee was to give her a short talk on the nature of rent and the needs of councils, and the nearest he had ever come to a show of feeling then was to wag at her a long, new, yellow pencil and occasionally to rustle the leaves of his thick entry book.

But the incident, we tried to tell Selwyn after he had been treated by two first-aid men and coaxed out of one of the deepest laughing fits ever known in a council official, might possibly do a lot of good. While Short was hurtling through the streets of the estate, trying to run Selwyn flat and tooting his horn to the rhythm of an old hunting song, an old man called Elias Dallimore had been crossing the road when Selwyn flashed past with Short a few feet behind. Dallimore, who practically lived on herbs and spring-water and was nimble, cleared a hedge and landed in a well-tended garden from which the owner threw him back on to the road about ten seconds after Dallimore landed. This gardener was a leading entrant in the council-sponsored autumn flower show, and he thought Dallimore had come whistling over the hedge with a view to doing some mischief to his blooms.

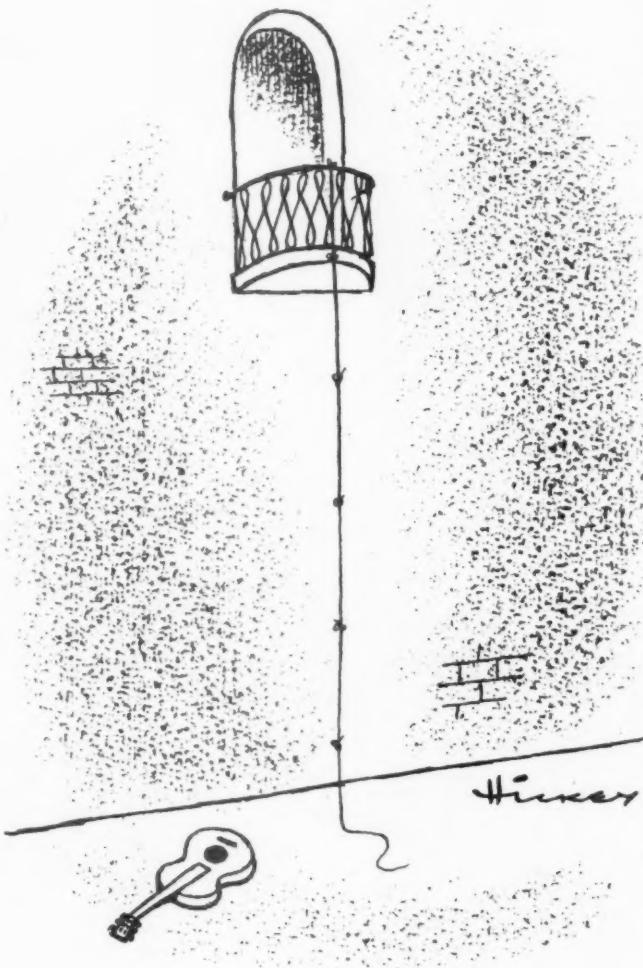
Dallimore, even without that quick trip over the hedge, had for years been nursing a phobia about the people on the estate. He himself had been ejected from a council house for taking in too many sub-tenants. Selwyn Dell had become neurotically concerned about this and he saw a day when Dallimore would have soaked up into his own premises the whole population of the estate. But he would not have been bothered if he had not decided to believe that the sub-tenants, who for some reason spent a lot of time whispering on the landing, were conspiring to save enough money to poison Dallimore for the sake of the tenancy. Dallimore took to luring Selwyn Dell into the house to sample his food. This was too much for Selwyn, who was never much of an eater even without a bright-eyed paranoiac standing over him urging him to spoon it up and taste keenly. So Dallimore got notice to quit. Since then he had taken

to standing at various corners on the estate announcing that high wages, uneconomic rents and building houses large enough to hold more than one person would be old England's winding sheet. When he stepped down from this editorial plateau he accused Selwyn Dell of having coached those sub-tenants in the art of slipping pellets into Dallimore's broth.

When Dallimore saw that chase, with Short closing in on Selwyn, he interpreted it loudly in his own fashion. Selwyn Dell, he said, was the first local bureaucrat to be sent howling mad by his own indifference to the human plight. Tired of the old method whereby he evicted people at a fairly slow, urbane pace, he had now taken to galloping around the estate fast and

fierce as a puma, pointing out the rent-laggards to the Borough Treasurer, Clayton Clapp, who was following in a car and swinging wildly now and then in an effort to lay his mark on the more obdurate tenants.

This story ran into four versions, each adding a new touch of ruthlessness to the genius of Selwyn Dell and Clayton Clapp. For a fortnight after there was not a single case of rent arrears in the whole estate. So I'm telling Selwyn Dell he doesn't need to clutch my hand so tightly when he takes a fresh pull at his medicine, a herbal mixture, brought to him—charitably, I thought—by Elias Dallimore, who hopes that with the new methods of tenant-disposal of which he was a witness he will shortly be back near the top of the housing waiting-list.





"I'll see if he's in."

## Thoughts on Seeing a Vaulting-Horse Outside the Editorial Offices of "The Lady"

By H. F. ELLIS

THE title is on the long side, and better suited, strictly speaking, to poetry than prose (Wordsworth would have jumped at it). But it is descriptive, accurate, and must serve.

This horse was of standard pattern, with strong splayed legs, a leather-covered barrel and the usual grips or handles for the sideways vault. It stood foursquare in a furniture van, with a few odd pieces of sacking at its feet, immediately outside the editorial offices of *The Lady* in Bedford Street, Strand, at about 3 p.m. on the afternoon of October 23rd. The van, according to the legend boldly inscribed on its sides, came from "Frinton-on-Sea and Ipswich."

These are the known facts. What has not been established—and it is a conundrum that frequently baffles those who peer into furniture vans at times (and they are many) when the removal men are not working—is whether the van was loading or unloading. The point is of some importance. Between the arrival of a vaulting-horse at the offices of a London paper and its departure therefrom for Ipswich or Frinton there is, to the curious mind, a world of difference. But it is too late now (short of a telephone call, which would need careful phrasing) to settle the question. One can only balance the probabilities.

Assuming that the horse was on its way *in*, far and away the most likely explanation is that some fool reader sent it. Readers will send anything. Ask the editor of any well-known newspaper or magazine, and he will tell you that he is almost constantly in receipt of old pictures, rowing machines, chairs believed to have been sat in by Delane, and even bound volumes of his own publication. Magazines like *The Lady*, which carry advertisements of articles for Private Exchange and Sale, are particularly vulnerable in this respect, and rather pathetically try to protect themselves by inserting little "Notices" and "Instructions" for advertisers. "Articles for disposal must not be sent to *The Lady*," says the paper at present under discussion, as if any reader worth his salt

troubled to read that kind of small-print stuff at the foot of the page. Had it been printed in ten-point bold—or, rather let me put it in this way: if it appears in ten-point bold next week, then the mystery of the vaulting-horse is solved.

*The Lady* also, I notice, includes among the "Editor's Notes" at the top of its correspondence columns:

"8. We cannot undertake to identify or to value such objects of art as china, glass, pictures, etc . . ."

This immediately suggests that the vaulting-horse may have been sent in not for disposal but simply in search of information. "Dear Sir,—While sorting out my late grandfather's belongings, my sister and I came across an unfamiliar object, which is being sent to you under separate cover. It has, as you will see, a smoothly-rounded upper surface, such as might have been used for drying corsets in Victorian times, stands about four feet high, and is provided with handles for lifting. Could you please tell us for what purpose it was employed, and whether it is of any value? Its general condition appears to be excellent, the legs being free from wobble and the upholstery in good repair."

We certainly cannot exclude the possibility of such a letter from an address in Frinton. Readers live permanently under the delusion that anything inexplicable found in the attic may be of value. But there are other hypotheses:

### "FITNESS OF EDITORIAL STAFF"

The Managing Director desires to remind all Staff that a healthy complexion and an upright carriage are of the first importance in the employees of a paper that habitually advises its readers on matters of Beauty and Deportment. For this purpose a Vaulting Horse has now been obtained and will shortly be set up athwart the corridor between Features and Knitwear. Staff on their way to and from sub-editing are asked to make a point of leaping over it by means of the handles provided."

This is perhaps a longish shot, but of all possible explanations based on the assumption that the horse was deliberately ordered by the management, rather than foisted on it by a reader, it seems the most likely. "Welfare" is not necessarily confined to industry. An obvious difficulty is that London papers do not ordinarily, so far as is known, get their gymnastic equipment from Frinton-on-Sea or Ipswich. There is something unexplained here. Indeed this odd





feature of the case, coupled with the fact that delivery was made by a furniture-removal firm, inclines me on the whole to believe that the horse was on its way *out*.

I have no evidence whatever that any large-scale reorganization has been taking place recently in the editorial offices of *The Lady*. Still, changes inevitably occur from time to time on every newspaper, and when a new man takes over his first action, very often, is to push the furniture about and generally rearrange things to his liking. "Take that vaulting-horse out of my office for a start"—one seems to hear the authentic accents of a man who knows what he wants, and means to get it. There was indeed, now one comes to think of it, a strong suggestion of new brooms about that curious little scene in Bedford Street. One sensed that a new streamlined era was under way. It would not have surprised me, had I had time to linger, to see a garden roller, and perhaps a small sculling skiff, follow the horse into the van.

If the truth lies here, or hereabouts, the mystery of the Essex furniture van is a

mystery no longer. The Office Manager undoubtedly has a house at Frinton and saw a golden chance to equip it with one or two little pieces he had always wanted. As to how the vaulting-horse got into the offices of *The Lady* in the first place, the simple answer must be that perhaps it never did. It occurs to me that the mere presence of a van with

a horse in it outside a newspaper office does not necessarily imply a connection between the two. The driver, very likely, was unable to find any parking place nearer Covent Garden.

For some thoughts on the disgraceful traffic in vaulting horses between Ipswich and the Royal Opera House, see next week's *Lady*.

## The Fireman

"The Transport Commission maintains that firemen are unnecessary on locomotives that have no fires. The unions maintain that firemen ought to be carried in the interests of public safety."—*Manchester Guardian*

**W**HEN smoke puffed from my loco,  
And clouds of hissing steam,  
I stood beside my driver  
And in the furnace gleam  
We made a gallant team.

But now pop goes the diesel,  
My engine runs on oil,  
And London lads are planning  
To take me from my toil,  
And them I hope to foil.

The Unions stand by me  
And say I must remain  
Within my cosy cabin  
Assisting to maintain  
The safety of the train.

"Stay on, stay on, young fireman,"  
They urge, with zeal and zest,  
"Where once you stood to labour  
You shall sit down to rest,  
And that will be the best."

E. V. MILNER

## Scattered Showerproofs and Bright Macs

THE launching of the Scooter Coat in a Mayfair salon last week made very little splash. It was, in point of fact, only a small item in a large collection of rainwear; but to those who like to relate fashion to the general social scene the Scooter Coat has significance. It implies the existence on these islands of the Scooter Girl.

This mechanized female, brilliantly darting as the dragonfly, is common enough on the Continent, particularly in the bigger cities of Italy and France. Over here she is still comparatively rare. She may, however, be looked upon as the outdoor variety of the indoor Espresso Girl, who is now a familiar enough urban species. The Espresso Girl is pale, sultry, star-crossed, confiding; the Scooter Girl is pink, smiling, breeze-tossed, confident. She hurtles along on the highroad to happiness with the wind in her hair: released, uninhibited, de-restricted.

The Scooter Coat itself is significant of to-morrow. It is not made of cloth but of plastic vinyl, imitating leather with a "moroccan finish." The seams are not sewn but welded. Pure white, or in hygienic pastel colours, this coat sponges clean and does not spot. It is a synthetic product of a plastic age: a garment for space-women to break barriers in. Yet it is not created by this year's mad designer. It is designed and made by a century-old Lancashire firm, Mandleberg's—one of the first to develop, on the clothing side, Charles Macintosh's pioneer process of waterproofing cloth with melted india-rubber.

This cloth, as a clothing material, had one terrible disadvantage. Although Mr. Macintosh must be counted as one of the greatest benefactors to the sodden inhabitants of the British Isles, habitual grumblers make discontented beneficiaries. Protected from the weather as they had never been before, they soon found something else to complain about. These waterproof garments smelt. In muggy weather you could smell them across the street. In an extreme case, in a small market town, on a wet market day, the smell had stopped the church clock.

Such, or some such, are the nose-witness accounts handed down from the early days of the mackintosh.

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

Disagreeable matters (such as the stickiness in warm weather, hardness in cold) were much improved when Mr. Hancock of Macintosh's (and subsequently of Dunlop's) discovered in 1844 the process of vulcanizing rubber. In the same week, but on the other side of the Atlantic, Goodyear announced a similar discovery—thus the mackintosh is father to the motor-tyre. But it was Joseph Mandleberg, great-great-grandfather, as it were, of the Scooter Coat, who, starting in a modest way to put a bit of style into the making up of Ladies', Gents' and Childrens's Waterproof Outer-garments, decided to tackle the smell. Useless, he realized, to make garments in good style if they were in bad odour. After much patient trial and hideous error his Company registered its first proud Trade Mark: F.F.O. Free From Odour—what a boon and a blessing!

Even your best friend had nothing to whisper about when she met you in your waterproof.

With the passing years the British mackintosh became the envy and the laughing-stock of the world. More British than the British, dull, worthy, reliable, undaunted in the last ditch . . . and yet with an innate, inimitable style. How utterly un-upperclass it was to have a coloured mackintosh: suburban bright-shiners suffered total ostracism. The snobbery which has surrounded the classic fawn-coloured raincoat is waiting grist for some future social historian's mill. But it is all over now. Rejoice or deplore, the iconoclasts have had their throw; another temple is gone. The still traditional British weather is now characterized by scattered showerproofs and bright macs. And these were first blown in from Europe by the trade winds of high fashion.

Sweden—motherland of the Garbo,



"Can't help feeling we'd be doing a far more useful job in the satellites."



who conquered the world in an old mackintosh and made it smart *not* to be smart—has now become one of the leading exporters of fashionable rainwear. Garbo gave glamour to the raincoat; her country has glamorized the raincoat itself. Collections sent over to England by the Swedish Fashion Group contain rainwear of couture cut and distinguished quality, complete with hats to match of great come-hitherude. Other European countries, also, produce challenging collections: Clar'tt of Brussels, Anglomac from Denmark. Proofed Swiss poplins and Egyptian cottons are the materials most favoured by European makers. These make shower-proof coats, which must not be confused with rubberized waterproofs: they are for the gentle precipitation, the scurrying rainstorm, the mornings of rain before seven, fine before eleven; not for the persistent downpour, the out-and-out cats and dogs.

Our winter temperatures, however, are catered for in the linings. New this season is the Anglo-therm lining, which keeps out the most biting cold, yet is gauze-thin, featherlight. From America comes the Milium—metal-insulated lining, again cool in summer, warm in winter. This is being used by many of our leading overcoat and raincoat makers. Everywhere, indeed, great play is being made with linings. Detachable

quilted zipper-linings go in and out of showerproof tweeds; fleecy-wool linings make luxury wraps of proofed-cloth coats; a proofed velvet jacket has a quilted satin lining. Poplin coats for summer showers have, for snowy days, a zipping-in lining of bright wool plaid and a matching sou'wester hat. The Snuggy raincoat, jacket-length or three-quarters, is lined with fleece and has a fleece-lined hood. The cropped car-coat of poplin, warmly lined, is a

palpable success: the right length for sitting in; warm without being bulky; sufficiently modish for twelve cylinders, yet not too urban for vintage 7 h.p. Some have knitted collars and cuffs which lend a pleasing Continental air.

The Parisian vogue for capes is reflected in the Paul Blanche autumn rainwear collection. Proofed-poplins, satin-lined, have separate cape collars giving extra shoulder protection, extra spectator interest. Again, a model named *Baker Street* consists of a Holmes-like cape with sleeveless surcoat underneath, lined with the traditional check. Also included is a shining example of the showerproof theatre coat: violet proofed-satin, lined with braid-edged silk. These showerproof theatre coats are things to conjure with. A silk-poult model in one collection is described as "flecked with myriads of contrasting spots, in deep jewel shades, festive for the cocktail-party, the theatre, a garden-party, or a race-meeting." Oh, shade of Thomas Burberry, save us from that last!

Macintosh and Hancock, Mandleberg and Burberry, heroes all in our damp island story . . . what, in your wet Elysian Fields, where the rain it raineth every day, do you think of our iridescent poplins, our oiled nylons, rubberized flannels, transparent plastics, siliconed velvets? Do you feel we have bravely carried on your torch? Comes back a ghostly mutter . . . raincoats are not what they were.

### Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Celebrates the Fifth of November

XIX

NOVEMBER mist, that roll'd and swirl'd  
About the garden, leaf bestrewn,  
Fell unreliev'd by star or moon,  
And usher'd in our fiery world.

Unlit the soaring rocket, dumb  
The cracker; wheel and candle lay  
Voluted, or in starr'd array,  
Still harbingers of things to come.

We paused; then from our waiting store  
Chose this and that, until the night  
Fled at the pulse and glare of light,  
While hanging grew from more to more

And louder; bright the golden rain  
Uncurv'd and fell; beneath the tree  
The circling wheel, now checkt, now free,  
Spurted, and died, and lived again.

High in the dark the rocket broke  
In distant stars; untir'd we came  
And went, enrob'd in living flame,  
Like wraiths we went, enwreath'd in smoke—

Until the bonfire died, until  
The empty case, its splendour done,  
Remember'd all an evening gone,  
And startled night again was still.

G. H. VALLINS

## Python's Progress

By JERRARD TICKELL

TWO nights before I flew home from the White Man's Grave a man at a party asked me if I'd like a Royal Python. He had two, he said, and was looking for a good home for the bigger one. I said that I'd love it; that one felt so lost without a python. Without any more ado he went to a drawer and took out a python and gave it to me. It was about four feet long, very beautifully marked and its tongue kept flicking in and out in an alarming manner. This, my friend said, was quite harmless. Pythons crushed those whom they dislike and he'd obviously taken to me at sight. I called him Busomprah after my African driver and for the next hour or two we made friends cautiously. When I left he was coiled around my neck with his head in my inside pocket. At the next party there were several Africans who didn't care for Busomprah at all, so I took him home and put him in my shirt-drawer and went to bed.

The next morning at six my servant Kojo called me with an avocado pear and a cup of tea. Then he went to my shirt-drawer and opened it. The movement and the sudden light woke up Busomprah and he stretched and yawned. There was a high-pitched squeal of terror from Kojo and I heard his naked feet tumbling down the stairs and the slamming of a door. Observers say that Kojo did not stop running till he reached his native village several miles away to the north. Amongst Africans, Busomprah—in spite of his beauty, silence and gentleness—was not popular and I thought that the Government would be glad to be rid of him—until I applied for an export licence. Resentful of a covetous European eye, they clung to him passionately and it took much form-filling, many blandishments and more than a little palm-smoothing before he was officially released. The next thing was to arrange that he had a meal that would sustain him during the leisurely flight to London. This—a grisly repast—was provided by the local zoo. Somnolent and replete, Busomprah was wrapped in a linen scarf and put in a wire-mesh box.

To my dismay the captain of the aircraft insisted that he should travel in the luggage hold. I pleaded that he

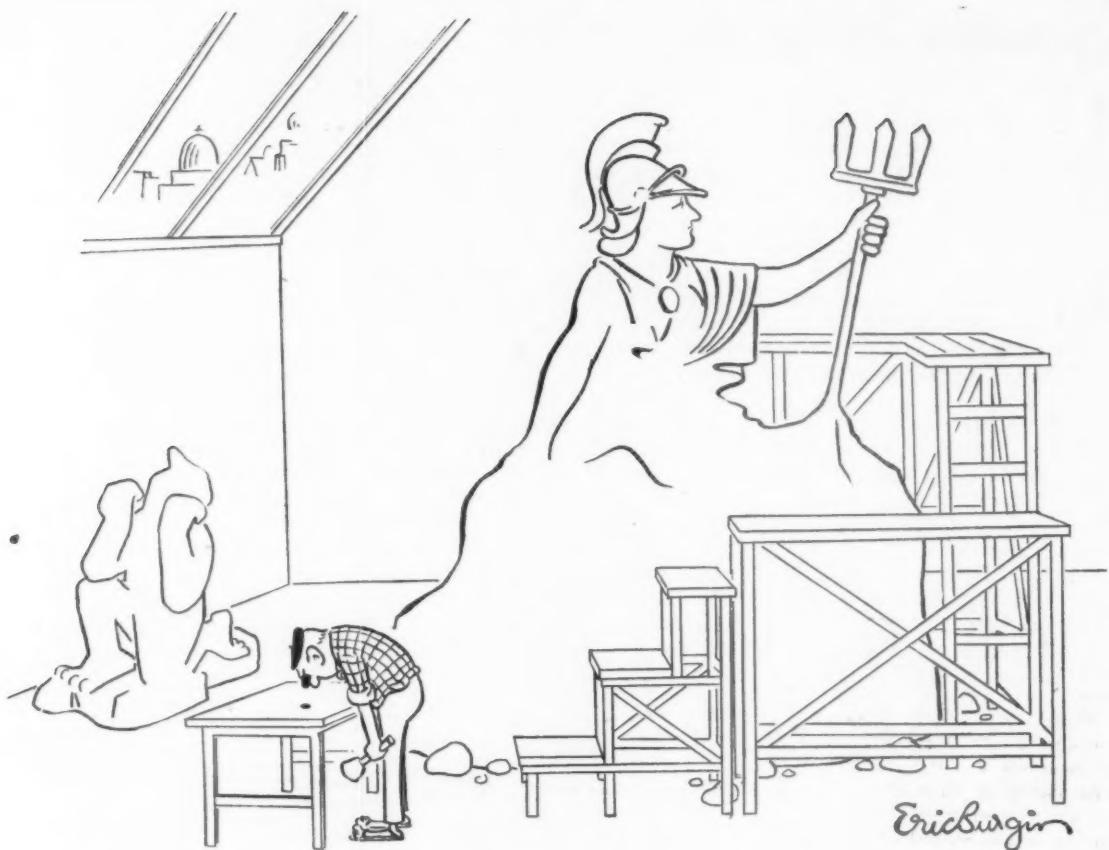
might readily catch a cold in that freezing place, and the captain said that he would have to stay there until he was heard to sneeze. We took off for Freetown and flew for some hours over bush and swamp. I was very anxious about my new friend, and the wheels were hardly down on the pot-holed runway of Ikoyi before I lifted him out to present him to the genial sun. He was very cold but still in good spirits. The air-hostess, a kindly girl, interceded on his behalf and undertook to keep him out of sight in the galley. During the flight to Bathurst and on to Dakar, Busomprah slumbered in warm seclusion among the coffee cups. Arrived at Dakar for our first night stop, the captain at last consented not only to meet his passenger but to touch him. He described the experience as being similar to stroking warm nylon, a practice at which he claimed to be an

expert. Thefts from stationary aircraft are not unknown, but my suggestion that he should have the run of the cabin overnight in the role of watch-snake was refused with some asperity. Like other passengers, he must go to an hotel. The air-hostess, to whom he had by now endeared himself, gladly took charge of him. He was, she said, infinitely less trouble than certain other passengers whose names she was not at this moment prepared to reveal.

During the next day's flight Busomprah's popularity increased. Dr. D., however, a celebrated African jurist and politician, could not look at him without a shudder. A Royal Python was his family totem, and he felt as if he were being pursued, as it were, by the spirits of his ancestors. Just as Gérard de Nerval took his pet lobster for walks in the Bois, I took Busomprah for walks, or rather wriggles, up and down the



*"I just wasn't goal-hungry."*



Viking's cabin. He soon learned to negotiate the aircraft's main spar with sinuous grace. Between these bouts of exercise he dreamed his way over the tawny lion-skin of the Sahara, gazed without apparent interest at the baked roofs of Villa Cisneros, and set sleepy course for the twilit delights of Tangier. Here the Spanish authorities were adamant. Without a passport Busomprah could not leave the aircraft. I pointed out that he was a *Royal Python* and should therefore be accorded diplomatic immunity. The authorities countered this swiftly by saying that Tangier already teemed with indigent kings and it was not proposed to add to their number. Sadly we bade Busomprah good night and left him in the brandy locker. At dawn he was curled caressingly round one of the bottles. He had been unable to extract the cork.

The hour was approaching when he would repay the care and affection I had lavished on him. We flew high over

Gibraltar, high over the sierras of Spain, came down in a wind-blown utterly European shower of cool rain for a claret-saturated luncheon in Bordeaux. Despite the thunder of take-off, Busomprah slumbered on. As we crossed the white thread of foam that fringed the shore of France the Africans began to shiver, the English to rejoice. The Channel was a tumult of breakers and the Kent countryside unbelievably green. We landed at Blackbushe and our wheels flung up little hissing arcs of spray on the runway. I woke up Busomprah. Staunch allies, we prepared for battle.

The Customs officer was courteous and welcoming. He glanced at my luggage with a calculating eye and metaphorically rubbed his hands. He gave me a printed card to read and I read it. I said "I have got one or two things. May I begin with Busomprah?"

I drew him from his linen scarf. With malice aforethought he undulated

his head deliberately towards the Customs officer, flickering his tongue. The official sprang back. I thought for a moment that he had been stung by a bee. He seemed to be fighting for breath. He said thickly "Is that all?"

"Well," I began, "I've got——"

"Right," he said. He extended an arm that had suddenly become telescopic and marked my luggage with shaky hieroglyphics. Entwined, Busomprah and I walked blithely into the Welfare State.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ **NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH,**  
★ **as a contribution to the**  
★ **presidential election campaign,**  
★ **will be an**  
**ALL-AMERICAN NUMBER**

## Some Sweet Surprises —and Sad Shocks

A cat in a tree.  
A whole cherry in a cake.  
Air like champagne—pink champagne.  
A girl walking about the fields with a wireless set.  
A tractor on a hill all a summer's day.  
The cuckoo clock that would fly off at the end of August.  
A policeman running; or alternatively, not hurrying across a crowded street.  
An old man with a yachting cap by the Round Pond.  
Walking under a bridge as a train passes.  
Looking up, in the sudden silence, at starlings pelting down on a square.  
The light in an arcade, men gliding through, women beautifully becalmed by jewellery or handbags.  
A tiny moon seen through a high window as one makes coffee for one's guests.  
The millionaire living quite immodestly.  
The bus that has seen you, and waits.  
A parson with a pigeon.  
A photographer who says Don't smile.  
Lawyers darkening the sunlight of Lincoln's Inn.  
Evening cyclists: plump girls going off, for whom this is a necessary if arduous courtship.  
A woman eating a large slice of cream cake as though each mouthful were an indelicacy.  
The man who guards the foot of the ladder.  
A mango *not* soaked in turpentine.  
Chewing and sucking at that lollipop till the gums ache, and then comes the tickle of sherbet.  
Ringing TIM in the night, to hear the sweet tired voice enunciate, 3.37 precisely.  
Reading, back and front, an old scrap of newspaper.  
Reading about a bank robbery.  
Glued to the rag you wouldn't touch with a barge-pole.  
"Kaffirs Rising"—but, poor fellows, what chance have they?  
"Earl's Daughter Held."  
Lightning rends, thunder volleys—how one's hand shrinks from the metal window handle!  
Walking by Rotten Row, and wondering what sort of rotter elegantly drooped on a gee-gee, one would have made.  
One more than you expect from the clock chime.  
Two sandwich-board men meeting.  
Three nuns in a flurry.  
A dozen oysters—joyfully interred.  
Water, when you choose to drink it.  
Letting the tap run warm on one's hand.  
Touching velvet—while the tongue furs.  
Ascension on the escalator with its shining gallery of women *en déshabillé*.  
Meeting the twin skies in the spectacles of one who asks the way.  
Watching the postman come along all the houses to yours.  
First snow—in a street lamp haze, or fingering the window.  
First snowdrop, first mushroom ring, first notes of *L'Après Midi d'un Faune*, first bedtime yawn, first in the queue.  
Last light on the tops of buildings.  
A virgin beard.  
An old taxi painted over as a rose-twined cottage.

Potato eyes watching.  
A newspaper van flying round the corner.  
Butterflies in Oxford Street: one on the flowers in a shop window, and another beating on the pane to get in.  
A frump who has put on her shortest skirt to ride a bicycle.  
A strawberry in the gutter.  
A British omelette.  
New cheap cutlery and the auctioneer's smile.  
Wandering, lonely as a cloud, in East Finchley.  
Having one's morning paper read from both sides, and backwards and upside-down by a strap-hanger.  
Finding the butter-dish just after the sun's left it.  
Tying up the washing in paper that won't contain, string that breaks.  
Passing women in dark spectacles.  
Old soldiers who never die but simply stun you, on fine mornings, with brass and a "Jolly good luck, sir."  
Overlicking a stamp.  
Panting at the top of stairs before a strange door.  
A wind that makes fowls skip, sweeps up the clouds, brushes the smoke back like hair from chimneys—and snatches your hat.  
The man who comes into the lift, doffing, as though in church.  
The companion in an art gallery who hopes, perhaps this very morning, to know what he likes.  
Smiling horribly at that baby in the Tube.  
The Wrong Number who, having disturbed you at 6.30 a.m., is quite furious—with you.  
A too-early evening paper.  
Having lost one's spectacles, and needing them to find them.  
The robot laughter at a fair.  
The old tired bus resting opposite the National Gallery.  
No sugar in the house, and that speck of saccharine, split off with a hammer, will be tasted after six cups.  
A boot-lace snaps, you knot it and tuck it away, then the other lace snaps.  
One glove.  
Two Father Christmases.  
Three bridge players.  
Water, when there's no better.  
Walking up a long straight street.  
Waiting while the bank cashier finnicks, preferring this note to that, while you'd happily grab all.  
A too-grand flower bed in St. James's Park (where was it last week?)  
Watching the postman hesitate before passing your gate.  
First wasp, first football, first whiff of the anaesthetic, first foot on the floor.  
Last cigarette—and it's torn.  
Only one other person in the public library, who comes down from a gallery, drifts towards you, stares just behind, and at last stretches forward to try to snatch the book you select.  
A telephone box occupied by a lover dwelling not in minutes but in eternity.  
A flower-stall outside a hospital.  
An old detective novel in which not only the pearls but whole pages are missing.

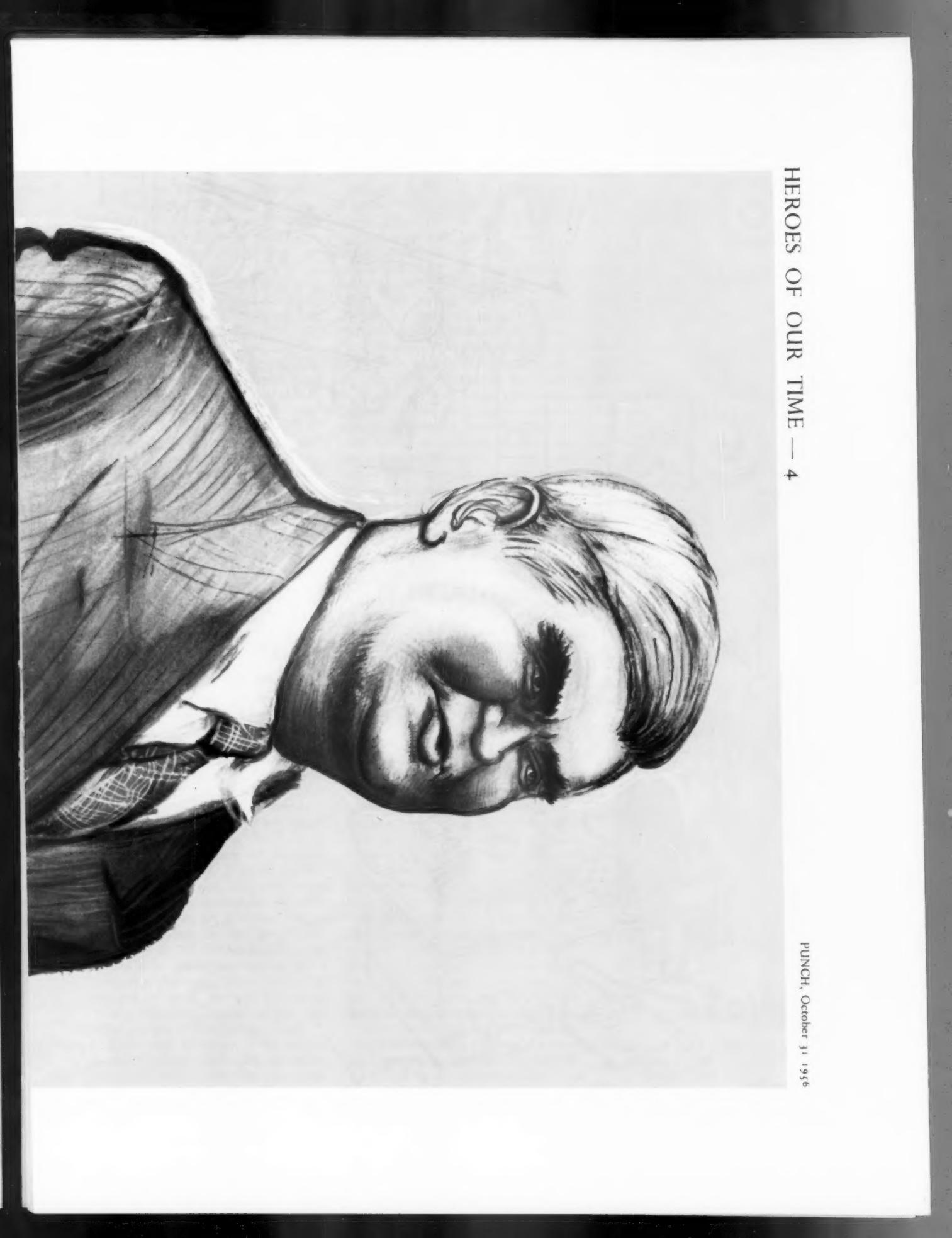
G. W. STONIER

Ronald Searle



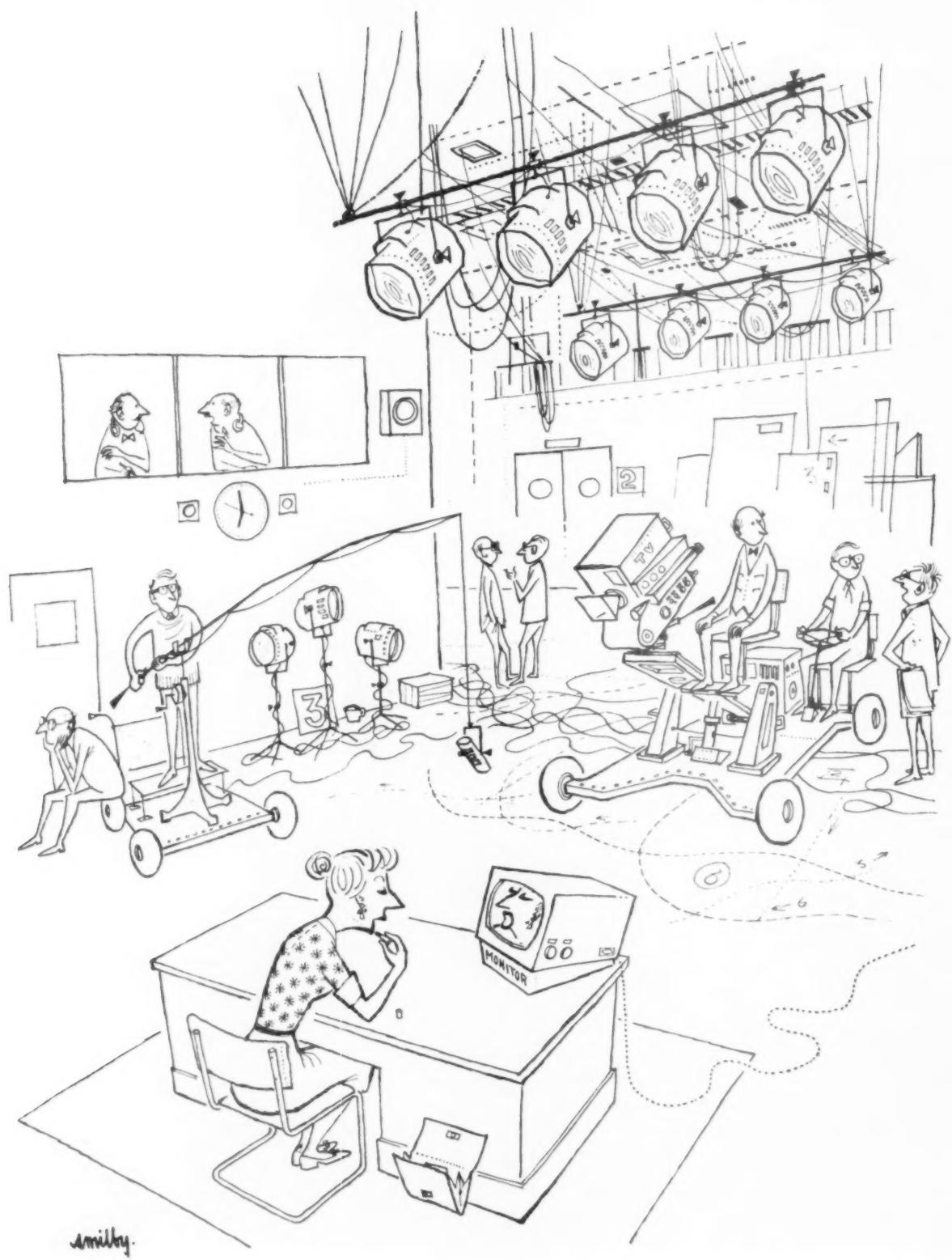
Dame  
Bevan

In Socialist policy, one day it's planned  
To nationalize agricultural land.  
With his farm given up to the Government men,  
It's lucky that Nye will have Chequers by then.



HEROES OF OUR TIME — 4

PUNCH, October 31 1956



# The Foxes of Highgate

By PETER DICKINSON

**T**HREE are two separate suggestions: a fox-hunt in Kenwood Park; and a fox-shoot in Highgate Cemetery. The difference between these should be kept clearly in mind, as confusing them can only lead to confusion.

In tones as crisp as celery the Hon. Mrs. Richard Lyttelton denies that she ever suggested that a hunt, horses, hounds, whips, M.F.H., and all the trimmings, should be laid on. But, she says, she has lost fourteen hens in five years and something ought to be done about it; a feeling that is widely shared in the tall, secluded mansions that ring the valley in which Kenwood lies. From nearly all of these, chickens and ducks (ornamental, pet, or just plain edible) have been ravished, but there is more to it than that; on ash and gold October evenings, as a tractor chatters out of sight down by the stream and the last trees of Hampstead forest turn black in the dusk, the nearness of the hunting season hangs heavy, almost smellable in the frosty air, round the tall mansions, and the idea that something should be done about foxes has an extra meaning for their owners; from their natural habitat, it is true, Watford divides them and a waste of villas, but still the blood is high, the heart is county. In fact Mr. Sebag Montefiore, who originally suggested to the Parks Committee of the L.C.C. that the Enfield Chase Hunt should be invited along, seems to have been more interested in importing the amenities of the country to the heart of London than in any extermination of vermin.

Attitudes being what they are, others can, of course, be taken. In the most remarkable of the ring of mansions lives a Greek chef, a small, square, chicken-keeping man who, after more than twenty years in England, holds his head at the wary tilt of a man used to being ambushed by the inexplicable. Each year he has lost birds, and is not enthusiastic about fox-hunting as a method of destroying foxes, let alone as an end in itself, but talk of gassing kindles a faint interest in his eyes, like a far glimpse of the Mediterranean.

Even more schismatic is the pro-fox faction. Perhaps it is for this reason that not much progress has been made in the

formation of a "Hands Off Our Foxes" committee, but if it is ever embodied it seems likely to produce a closely tangled argument. Mr. Oswald Lewis, another mansioneer who has lost hens, is of this party, if not in it, and manages in his discourse to sum up most of the main themes: foxes in London are rarish, and rarities are worth preserving; it is the presence of *rus in urbe* that makes the area so civilized, the more rural the more civilized, and foxes are as rural as you could wish; chicken-slaughter is uncommon, so they must live mainly off other things, presumably rats, and the last thing anyone wants is a plague of rats; it is nonsense to talk of their having been driven in from the country by rabbit-famine, as they have always been there and amount to an ancient monument; there is a certain impropriety in setting Pest Officers on them as, originally, P.O.s were only empowered to destroy rodents; there is greater impropriety in the L.C.C. having to borrow a fox-exterminator from the Middlesex County Council; the foxes are living a very unnatural life. Dustbins, says Mr. Lewis; very unnatural, and his daughter contributes a valuable summary of the woman's point of view: those foxes, she says, are terribly thin.

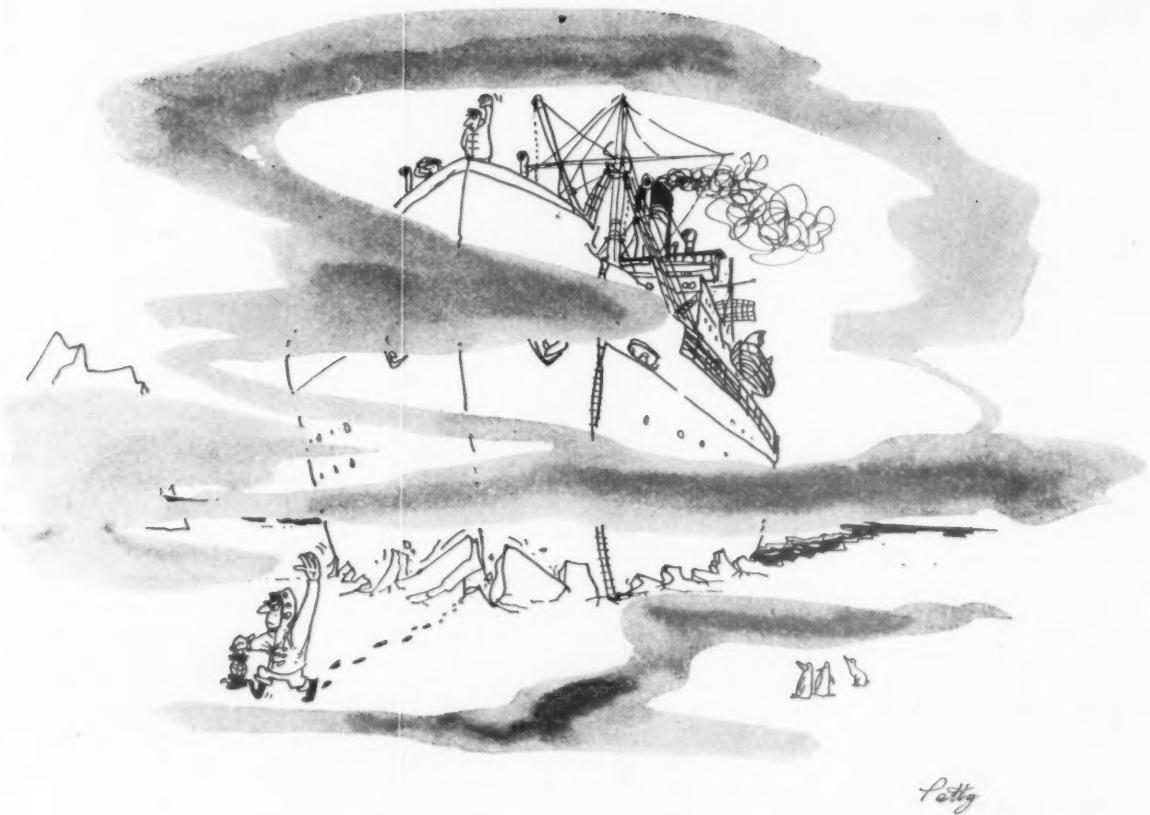
Between the two parties, like corn between millstones, are the keepers at Kenwood; they are always under fire; if it's not the rattle of a personal tirade from a hen-owner or the heavy thud of a letter in the local press, then it's the ominous rumble of their own authority behind them. The ways of the L.C.C. are as strange to the keepers as theirs must be to the foxes. (Last year, for instance, in the interests of smoke prevention they had to gather all their fallen leaves into an enormous compost-heap; this year they are allowed to burn them on clear, cold days.) Anyway, they are supposed to shoot foxes when they see them, and do so, though they would be sorry to see their foxes go the way of the badgers that used to live there. In fact they are much prouder of their genuine unmyxomatized wild rabbits.

Every controversy has its seamy side, which in this case is the idea of a shoot in Highgate Cemetery. No one will even deny having suggested this. The

relevant half of the cemetery, which is not that in which the monument of Marx stands huge and alien among the white headstones of retired colonels, is a desolation, a tangle of briars and sycamore saplings crossed by a few jungle tracks. It is a pleasant place to wander and speculate why, in a row of family catacombs, Mr. Leo Sims chose to label his one "Private Catacomb," or try to work out the symbolism of a marble broken column shored up with timber lest it fall, or to watch the furtive efficiency of a woman blackberrying where a marble lion sleeps on the tomb of George Wombwell (Menagerist), but it's no place for a shoot; visibility is about three yards, and anyway they are not proud of their foxes here; any earths that are found are quietly filled with gas by the chap the L.C.C. borrows from Middlesex. So if a shoot is held in the cemetery, it seems that it will only be the result of a labyrinthine intrigue among the pro-fox people; no foxes would suffer and there would certainly be a satisfying batch of casualties in the anti-fox party.



"Could you tell him we'd like it banned in a hurry? — we want to open our theatre club next week."



Patty

## Father of the Man

By R. G. G. PRICE

I  
**W**HAT are you making?"  
 "It's a theatre. See that trapdoor? That's where the devil comes up and takes her to hell."  
 "Her?"

"Portia. We're doing *The Merchant of Venice* this term."

"But she doesn't go to hell."

"It's my theatre, isn't it?"

II  
 "Of course, I do frightfully love Aunt Maud. It's just affectionate when I laugh at the way she pinches the tips under the plates in teashops. Sometimes when I laugh at her she gives me a share. I simply love shopping with her. I often wonder whether she won't start pinching things from the counters. I love dear old Uncle Pat, too. He's such a funny old dear, always going to meetings and sitting on the Council and standing for Parliament. He likes my

friend Beryl very much. He's always tickling her. I'm his secretary now. He pays me five bob a week. When I grow up I'm going to get him to help me go into Parliament."

### III

"What on earth's that?"

"Brill—he's a boy at school—drew it. He gave it to me."

"But what is it?"

"He says it's a field. It looks more like a park. I think he's good at parks. I don't think he'd feel hurt if I sold it to you. It might become quite valuable one day, if he became famous for painting parks. That dark green bit is quite good, but it would be better if it had some railings there. It would make it more park-like."

### IV

"I'm the best at Singing and the best at Dancing and the best at Arith. and the best at Reading and the best at . . ."

"What are you worst at?"

"Well, actually I'm not really bad at anything. I used to be a bit bad at Cooking and Needlework, but Mummy said I could give them up. I'm going to win Beauty Competitions in the summer and do Dramatic Acting in the winter. I'm not just pretty; I've got talent, you know. I'm going to have more husbands than children, I think."

"Have you lots of friends at school?"  
 "No."

### V

"Look, I'll teach you how to play. Do it like this and you can't lose. What about having sixpence on? Well, it's the best way to get experience. Now, look. I'll lend you a sixpence for the next game. Then you can let me have sevenpence out of your winnings."

### VI

"I don't believe in impots, Mr. Frisby."

"Why not, Simon?"

"Well, I don't mean I'm exactly against them. I think if a boy is bad he ought to have them. It might make him better."

"Do you think they stop other boys being naughty?"

"Oh, I'm sure they do. I mean, if you've done something wrong you ought to be punished, oughtn't you? But what do you think?"

"I think I believe in them."

"So do I."

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A clergyman."

VII

"And this dolly is a very precious dolly indeed. She's my princess and I'm her very loyallest subject. I put down everything she says and I write it in my magazine every day and when Mummy and Daddy come in I read them all about her. Daddy doesn't always have time to listen to everything I've got to tell him; but I let him buy the magazine and take it away with him to read."

VIII

"That's very kind of you, but I think I can manage to hang the paper better on my own."

"If you don't let me help you I'll kick the paste-pot over."

IX

"Brenda, you be Maid Marian and Thomas can be Friar Tuck and Billy can be Little John and Mabel, I think you could be Alan-a-Dale. Then Howard can be Sheriff of Nottingham and the rest of you can be Merrie Men. . . Oh, yes, so I have. Well, I don't mind. I'll be Robin Hood."

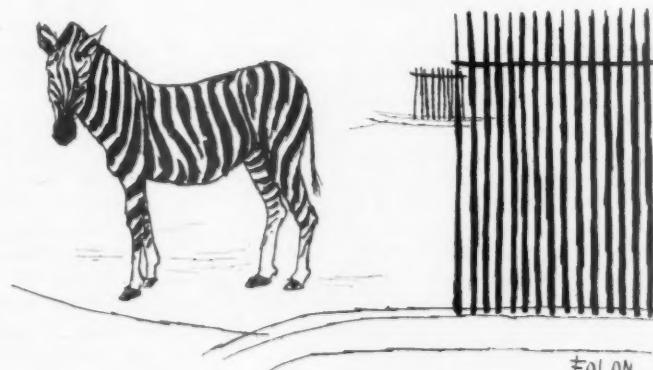
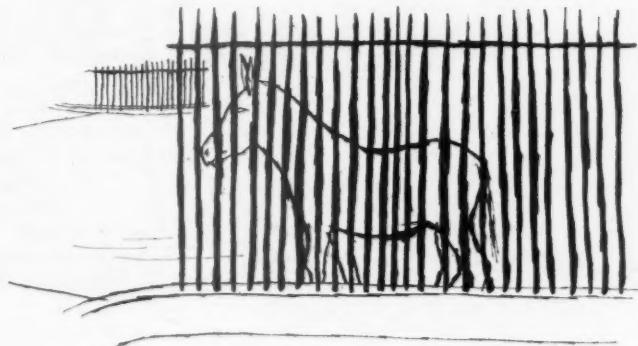
X

"Have you read this book? It tells you about the Surface of the Earth. Would you like me to explain how the Alps began?"

"Do you have any hobbies besides reading?"

"I'm very keen on music. When I've told you about the Alps I'll play the *Rheingold* on LPs. That's Wagner, you know. I'll pick out the themes for you on the piano first."

"Do you play any games?"



"I play Chess. After the records I'd like to show you a problem I composed. I play Rugger too. I know a lot of facts about Rugger. Do you know why there are fifteen a side? Or who the first Hungarian referee was?"

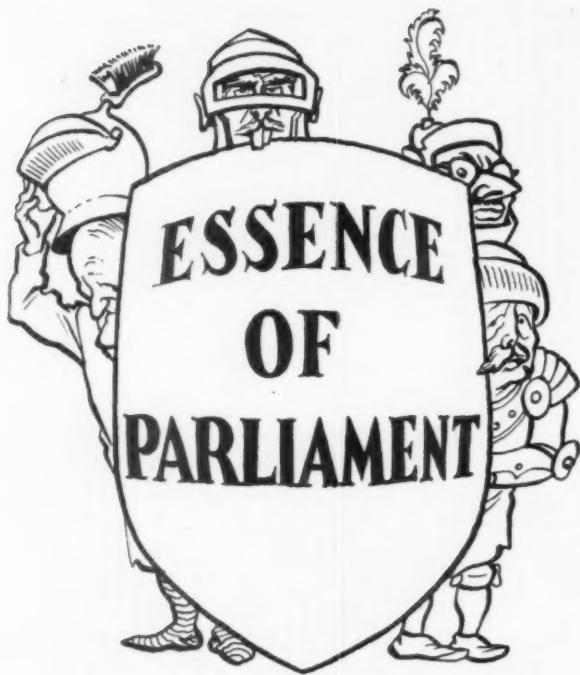
"What do you want to be?"

"I want to go into backward areas,

like Birmingham, and Equip the People for Living."

xi

"Give boy. Give boy. Give boy or boy scream. Boy want more. Give boy 'nother penny or boy hit you. Now say love boy. Say love boy . . ."



I RETURNED at the beginning of the week from Paris. "Foreign Secretaries and lifebelts will be carried on all planes on this route unless otherwise stated," run the notices. Flying to and fro in aeroplanes seems to have become by now almost an occupational disease of both British and French Foreign Secretaries. They are waiting, it seems, for the Egyptians to suggest a new basis of negotiation, but why exactly the Egyptians should wish to suggest a new basis of negotiation it is a little difficult to see. Meanwhile, like an aerial Felix, our Foreign Secretary just keeps on flying, and that is about all that he has to say on the matter.

But in the meanwhile there is something happening about which it might surely be reasonably expected that our statesmen would have something to say. Sixteen years ago we guaranteed the independence of Poland. Ten years ago in our hour of victory and shame we and our Western Allies unnecessarily abandoned her. To-day, however the details may work out, contrary to every prophecy of the moderate realists, that extraordinary and invincible nation is in some sense reclaiming its ancient

freedom. On the Continent all is at a fever pitch of excitement. Newsboys are crying the news in the streets. Old men are stopping one another to ask what it may mean. It is the greatest and most thrilling news since the war—perhaps one of the greatest pieces of news of all time. But to return to the House of Commons is to pass through a baize door, hermetically sealed against all breath of reality. The British Foreign Secretary has no comment to make. The stone is rolled away from the Tomb. We know not where they have laid Him and the Foreign Office will make no statement. Has it ever been known in history before that so great an opportunity should be missed? When Churchill was there, whatever else we lacked, at least we did not lack for great phrases, and by them alone Parliament did in a measure live. To-day, in contrast with the present bag of men that rule us, Lord Attlee appears as a major lyric poet.

It is indeed extraordinarily difficult to guess what Sir Anthony Eden imagines the House of Commons to be for. Whatever the rights or wrongs of capital punishment, whatever the rights or wrongs of free votes, it is hard to see

why the Government, if it had the moral obligation to let the House of Commons pass Mr. Silverman's bill once by a free vote, has not then the moral obligation to let it pass it twice by a free vote if it wants to. If the House of Commons should change its mind and on a second free vote throw the bill out, that would, of course, admittedly be a new situation. But merely to refuse time for a second shot at the bill after time has been given for a first shot is indeed strange morality, and stranger still is the doctrine that the House of Lords has a duty to respect the opinion of the Commons when its Members have been flogged through the lobbies by their Whips but has no duty to respect it on the rare occasions when they have voted according to their consciences. Governments do not allow the House many free votes, and when they do then if the vote goes against the Government's wishes the Government finds some means of stultifying it. On this there is not a pin to choose between the two machines. The Conservatives are treating capital punishment exactly as the Socialists treated it eight years ago, and argument about the morality of the tactics will be as usual the completely fatuous business of the pot calling the kettle black, when both of them are as black as pitch. Perhaps it is all of secondary importance. Few people doubt that capital punishment will in fact go out, if not in the immediate future then in the very near future; if not under this Government then in a very few years under the next Government. Thirty years ago the late Lord Birkenhead said of the Home Secretary of another Conservative





thing to be said against them is that they do not amount to much—that the Government, if not a Socialist Government, is at least a Welfare State Government, and that if the principle that it is the duty of the Government to provide every citizen with anything that he needs is to be maintained there is no hope of ever getting taxation down to tolerable levels. But there is much to be said for it that people should make at any rate token payments in order that they shall not be quite reckless in their demands and in order that they may be reminded that all things have a cost. But at least whether that principle was a good principle or a bad principle, it was a principle introduced by the Socialists, and introduced not merely for financial reasons but explicitly, as Mr. Macmillan reminded the House, to prevent unnecessary resort to the service. Naturally enough this inconvenient history did not prevent the Socialists from howling like wolves when Mr. Macmillan announced his measures, though it did—it must be admitted—compel Mr. Gaitskell to remain silent on his bench in somewhat sheepish embarrassment. The public, for all the prophecies, did not greatly resent the original shilling prescription, and there is no great reason to think that

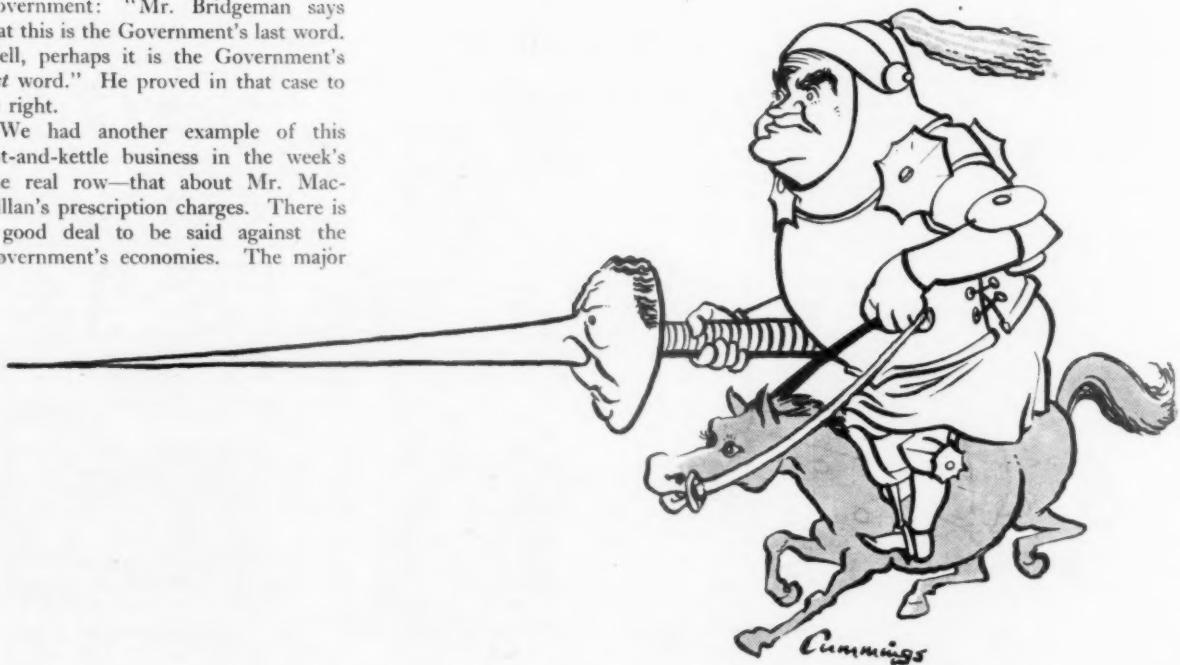
it will greatly resent these charges if the policy should succeed in holding prices (which is what it does care about); but if the charges should have the effect of making Mr. Gaitskell, the last, the least convincing and the least acceptable of the Bevanites, look even a little sillier than he does at present, they will perhaps not have been imposed wholly in vain.

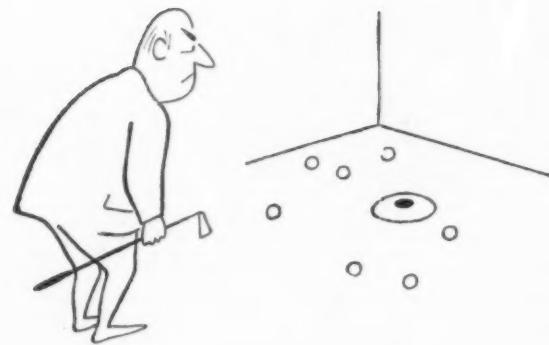
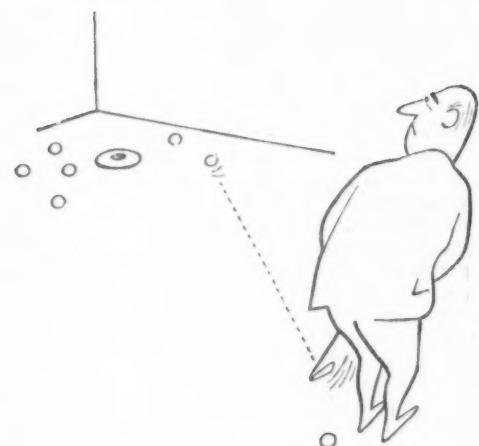
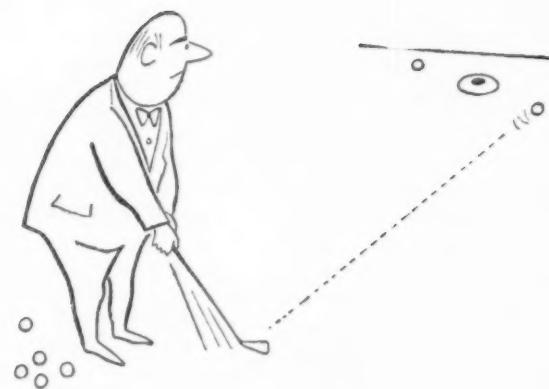
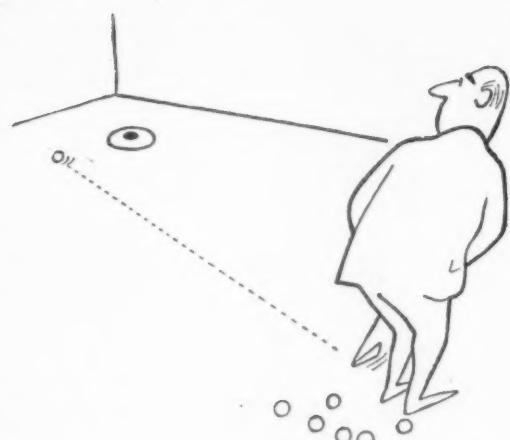
The loudest of these cries of pandemonium were "Scrooge" and "You have no heart." It would be interesting to know how many of the shouting Members have any notion who Scrooge was. It is curious that, whenever they attack a Minister for his economies, they attack him as if he was a rich man meanly refusing to help the deserving out of his own pocket—as if it was somehow to Mr. Macmillan's personal advantage that poor people should pay for prescriptions. There was even talk, in the wealth of their scriptural knowledge, of the Good Samaritan. But the point about the Good Samaritan was that he paid somebody else's doctor's bill out of his own pocket. There is nothing to stop a Socialist Member of Parliament or anybody else doing this. But what the Socialist Samaritan is anxious to do is to send the doctor's bill to Pontius Pilate.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Government: "Mr. Bridgeman says that this is the Government's last word. Well, perhaps it is the Government's *last word*." He proved in that case to be right.

We had another example of this pot-and-kettle business in the week's one real row—that about Mr. Macmillan's prescription charges. There is a good deal to be said against the Government's economies. The major







### Fill Up With Anti-Squeeze

**M**R. MACMILLAN says that "we have the second highest standard of living in the world and have never been so prosperous," and Lord Beveridge says that he is in danger of living longer than he can afford. Mr. Macmillan means that one large and vocal section of the community has never before won prosperity so quickly from smaller, less vocal groups, and Lord Beveridge means that people with the inclination and opportunity to save are discovering that they can't afford to do so.

Mr. Macmillan knows that we are steadily falling back in the league table of productive efficiency and industrial output, and that the United States has increased its lead very substantially during the last ten years; so by increasing prosperity (which must be assessed relatively) he can only mean the continuing advance of the British wage-earner, the successful outcome of repeated wage-claims, the rapid progress of the social revolution—or, as Lord Beveridge put it, "the claim of each industry to fix its own wages."

Whenever the Chancellor of the Exchequer is warmly optimistic (he blows hot and cold with disturbing regularity) there are appeals for some relaxation of the credit squeeze. The motives of the appellants are varied. Some of them, knowing that inflation makes lending a mug's game and borrowing a cinch, are anxious to operate on tick. Others want to replace the squeeze by more direct and positive systems of financial control. And others—of whom I am one—merely use the opportunity to repeat grave warnings about the damaging effects of the squeeze on the national economy and the future of private enterprise.

The chief objection to credit pegging is that it makes the pattern of industrial activity rigid when it should be fluid. When credit is scarce big business finds

its own capital for new investment. It hangs on to its profits and becomes self-financing. Money that would have been distributed and then re-invested in a variety of enterprises (according to their prospects and profitability) is ploughed back, whether the soil is fertile or infertile, on the instructions of managerial juntas. New enterprises, therefore, are deprived of funds.

Western capitalism is a sham if it leaves the shape of industrial things to come in the hands of the managers rather than the owners of capital. The credit squeeze encourages the totalitarian planner and gambles with the country's very limited free capital resources.

To say this is not, alas, very helpful to the Chancellor. The anti-squeeze brigade—or rather the responsible element in it—has no substitute solution to offer. In economic policy there is nothing to distinguish Left from Right:



### Giving the Game Away

**A**UTUMN should be the season when the palate waters and the epicures' eyes glisten. But I've just motored across eight counties and seen no more than four pheasants and a single covey of partridges.

The lack of game is extraordinary, because in the whole history of England there never have been better conditions for the birds. To begin with, we've had a succession of wasteful harvests, in which every farmer has had to leave bushels of corn on the ground. Secondly, every tenth field in the country now carries kale, and this crop provides ideal food and cover for pheasants. And, of course, since there are no rabbit traps about now, the young birds have a good chance of survival. Three or four years ago it was a different matter: the trappers lived well on partridges and woodcock. Then, landlords were right to hesitate to stock their land with game. But it's a different matter now.

both sides are afraid of inflation, both know that credit restriction is a dangerous and inadequate lid on a cauldron of boiling acid. And neither side has the courage to challenge "the claim of each industry to fix its own wages." Fifty years from now Lord Beveridge's warning will have been heeded, but the troubles on the way are going to be truly formidable.

Electric and Musical Industries (H.M.V.) goes from strength to strength. This last year profits rose by nearly half a million pounds (before tax), a figure reflecting the customer's strong support for the company's gramophone records, radio and TV equipment, electrical, electronic and mechanical products. Shareholders get no immediate benefit from the improved returns, but "Emmies," now yielding more than 5½ per cent, look a very bright investment at around 26s. 9d. per unit.

MAMMON

\* \* \*

I suspect that the reason why so few estate owners are taking advantage of these propitious circumstances is because their palates have become so fouled with tinned meat that they've forgotten what it's like to gnaw the delicious little bones of September, and then come to all of October's flavours secreted in the sodden toast.

It's still easy to buy pheasants' eggs in the spring and set them beneath a broody hen. And, what is more to the point, the invention of the deep freeze no longer means that a man has to waste his game by sending a brace of birds to his remotest relative. Thanks to this invention a good shot can have a good dinner the year round.

True, none of us can afford a game-keeper any more. But that shouldn't stop us stocking our land, for the poacher has lost his palate and ingenuity too.

Not even a cock pheasant perched on his TV aerial would shift the bemused cottager from the drivelling Oracle by his fire. It is a terrific opportunity for gluttony. One which might never recur.

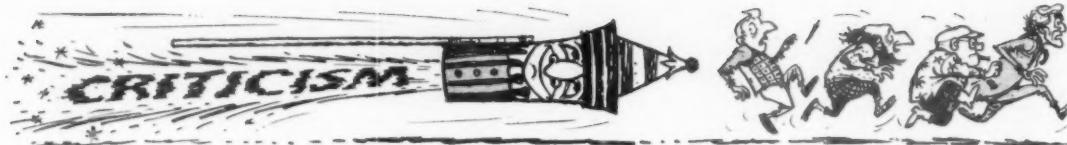
RONALD DUNCAN

\* \* \*

### In Your Garden

LEAVES, and more leaves yet?  
Damnation.

When are we going to get  
Autumnation?



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Congenital Conspirator

Mazzini and the Secret Societies: The Making of a Myth. E. E. Y. Hales. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30/-

**F**ROM early youth Mazzini was a rebel. At school he defied the authorities; at fifteen he was leading a riot at the University of Genoa. Romantic women of all ages found him irresistible, with his olive complexion and jet-black eyes, his clean-cut profile "set in a profusion of flowing black hair." He learnt conspiracy in an underworld which recalls the wilder melodramas of Weber.

The Carbonari, writes Mr. Hales, were "curiously compounded of cut-throats and cultured aristocrats." They had inherited their ritual from the charcoal-burners of Franche-Comté and were best at internal vendettas. As revolutionaries they would hardly have been dangerous if the police had not been riddled with corruption. Even among themselves they were amateurish. To get rid of one of their leaders they persuaded his mistress to poison him. Feeling very ill, he tried out her dishes on the cat. It succumbed, and she confessed all.

Mazzini would write letters in invisible ink—precipitate of iron potash legible when dipped in an acid solution. Grotesque plots miscarried because the ink refused to come up, or the conspirators could not read each other's handwriting. Yet out of this background Mazzini created one of the great political myths of all time. A brilliant, if diffuse, writer, he became a martyr for his beliefs. An extremist, an idealist, he would never compromise. He left his mark on history.

Mr. Hales admirably describes his despatch career up to the age of thirty-two. Having made the Continent too hot to hold him, he then took refuge in London. Though he escaped arrest, it was common form at that time for revolutionaries to be "conducted handcuffed to Calais and put on board for England." With ample evidence drawn from a whole industry of Italian Mazzinian studies, Mr. Hales describes how Mazzini's legend emerged from a welter of immediate failure, so that when at last in 1848 revolution occurred in Rome, he was at once summoned there as a Triumvir.

Obsessed by the ideals of the French Revolution, soaked in the romantic ideas of Rousseau and Lamennais, of Herder and Schlegel, burning with passionate belief in the greatness of the Roman and mediæval past, an admirer of Dante as well as of Condorcet's cult of Progress and Saint-Simon's vision of Fraternity, Mazzini invented a new religion. The alternative, he thought, since Christianity was superseded, was to "perish blaspheming in the void."



This religion, Mr. Hales well points out, went down better north of the Alps.

Mazzini saw himself as a human Robespierre on a European stage. Revolution in Italy could set off revolution over the whole Continent. He would pace the little rooms in which he lurked in hiding from the police, in Marseilles, Genoa or Berne, smoking cigar after cigar—his sole indulgence—pouring out his eloquent appeals, dashing down his illegible manifestos. Revealing illustrations recall the atmosphere.

Wildly idealistic, Mazzini also meant business. He condoned assassination. He lent a stiletto to a young enthusiast who wanted to kill Carlo Alberto of Savoy, but who thought better of it and became a diplomatic correspondent of *The Times*. He lived surrounded by

tragedy and passion. His closest friend, Jacopo Ruffini, committed suicide in prison with a splinter of iron prised from the door. Mazzini was desperately in love with his mistress, Guiditta Sidoli, who left him for her legitimate family. They called their son Josephine Demosthène Adolphe Aristide. But they parked the child out in a revolutionary household and he died at the age of two and a half. Mr. Hales thoroughly investigates this sad story; he cites Salucci's "suggestive but scholarly *Amori Mazziniani*."

It was hard work being a revolutionary after the failures of 1830-31. But there was still material to hand. The professional condottiere, General Ramorino, for example, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars and the Polish Revolution, who was ready to lead any insurrection anywhere. There was Harro Haring, an intense Dane, and a few rich men and women ready to ruin themselves for the cause. From Geneva in January 1834 Mazzini launched a fantastic enterprise. With two hundred odd Poles, Germans and Italians, the General invaded Savoy. It was a stunning fiasco. Lake Léman is cold at the end of January, and the police had impounded the invaders' overcoats; for hours many of them rowed about, unable to land. The General, who had already got through 30,000 francs, escaped out of the window from his own followers and Mazzini collapsed with a high temperature.

The failure would have finished any normal man. Mazzini promptly doubled his stakes. He at once wrote a manifesto called *Faith and the Future*, and set up not merely as the prophet of Young Italy but of Young Europe.

Snow-bound at Solothurn through the following winter, he began to agitate for a Swiss Revolution, though he found the German-speaking Swiss apathetic. He became popular with the local peasants, but the authorities had him bundled out of the country with a passport provided by the British Consul, who thought that Mazzini might be useful in converting the Italians to Protestantism and reading the Bible.

Mr. Hales regards his hero with a sympathetic if ironical detachment. His account of Mazzini's political theory is admirably balanced and compressed. A martyr and a legend,

Mazzini, who was apt to detest human beings, expected far too much of mankind. Republican Italy to-day is not at all what he meant. Nor has Europe proved a Continent of free peoples "unravelling in harmony the letter of God's Law." The new nations proved singularly unredeemed: "their relations with God and with each other were not what he intended." Yet the idea of the self-determination of peoples increasingly dominates the world. "Mazzini's vision," remarks Mr. Hales drily, "was optimistic and in some ways led to harm. But it was generous as well as dangerous." JOHN BOWLE

**Descent from Burgos.** Peter de Polnay.  
Robert Hale, 16/-

If the first test of a travel book is its power to interest the reader who has not been there himself, this account of a return to Spain after a long absence only partly succeeds. Mr. de Polnay, pottering unhurriedly off the beaten track, somehow fails to pass on more than a conventionally intelligent idea of scenery and architecture, though his own feeling for them is not in doubt. On the other hand his sketches of ordinary Spanish life are often extremely vivid.

He stayed in small hotels, and found it easy to make friends; all the time in chance encounters his novelist's eye was busy pinning down a succession of amusing characters. Among his surprises were an absence of police, willingness to talk politics and native eagerness to help. He can write with charm, as in his description of three rogue locomotives loose in a station, and he can also jolt us with "umpteen." Why no map?

E. O. D. K.

**The Changing Face of England.** Christopher Trent. *Phoenix House*, 21/-

**To-morrow's Landscape.** Sylvia Crowe. *Architectural Press*, 21/-

These two books may be considered complementary, as Mr. Trent explains how the landscape in town and country has developed up till to-day, while Miss Crowe examines the mistakes of to-day's developments and suggests the steps that might mitigate those mistakes in the future.

Mr. Trent moves soberly forward over Celtic Fields and Roman Roads, but if his style is unexciting he supplies a valuable history of the prospect before us. Incidentally he mentions that the National Trust was founded in 1895, which must be one of the few examples of self-criticism in an age when, as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse says, few persons could be trusted near a pile of bricks and a bucket of mortar.

Miss Crowe puts forward the theory that as pylons, by-passes and parked cars are here to stay it is essential to study how they can be worked into the landscape so as to be inoffensive or even attractive. The photographs show that parked cars, for example, or even

caravans, will not disfigure the landscape if they are left under trees and not in the open. Indeed to plant more trees and to let them grow into real trees without mutilation is, as Miss Crowe points out, one of the ways that will prevent to-morrow's landscape from being a greater disgrace than to-day's.

V. G. P.

**The Strange Enchantment.** Geoffrey Cottrell. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 18/-

Mr. Cottrell, justly famous for his brilliant and sardonic studies of military life, *Then a Soldier* and *Randall in Springtime*, now attempts a book much more ambitious in execution, involving a time-schedule which covers the years 1898 to 1936. The plot—centring largely on a would-be female concert pianist, forced for a time, by circumstance and family misfortune, into a vastly different career—is extremely complicated, giving the author an opportunity to introduce characters from many contrasted social spheres and amounting to a microcosm of English life during the period concerned. Hitler Germany and the Nazi ethos, too, is part of his general scheme; and though the style is as rapid and the manner as fluent as ever, one feels that he is not quite so happy with a wide canvas as when painting in miniature.

Nevertheless, the novel bridges a gap between what we have come to expect from him and what he will give us in the future, when his undoubtedly talent has sufficiently developed. J. M-R.

**Till We Have Faces.** C. S. Lewis. *Geoffrey Bles*, 15/-

Some interesting statistics could be compiled on the incidence of mythopoeia among Oxford dons. Mr. Lewis has now chosen to retell the myth of Cupid and Psyche, or rather to reconstruct the story on which that of Apuleius is founded. His scene is set in a barbarian country on the remote fringes of Greek influence, and the narrator is Psyche's ugly stepsister, who, after Psyche has been left chained to a tree in the mountains as a sacrifice to the jealousy of the local version of Aphrodite, finds her still alive and, trying to "do her best for her," precipitates the classic disaster. It makes an odd book; the tone and movement are, for large sections, almost those of a girls' romance story, but interwoven with this is a subtle analysis of the growth of the teller's understanding of the selfishness of human love compared with that of the deity. Some of the sinew seems to have gone out of Mr. Lewis's style, but he is still so easy to read that he can almost bring off a book as unpromising as this.

P. D.

**A Lost Paradise.** Samuel Chotzinoff. *Hamish Hamilton*, 21/-

Born in Russia, brought up in America, after an interlude in East London, son of a grim, rabbinical student and an ebulliently resourceful mother, Mr.



"Eisenhower or Stevenson—who cares?  
They're both Americans, aren't they?"

Chotzinoff had a childhood in which poverty was balanced by energy. He describes his intellectual passions as well as his mother's ingenuity with her budget. Somehow he managed to obtain musical tuition, though several of his teachers were very odd. In the final scene the young hero slips away from the warm family celebration of his successful début as a pianist to spend the evening with fellow-musicians. He has left the loving, terrifying world of his childhood for the world of the Arts.

The descriptions of Jewish life, of the shifts of poverty and the enthusiasms of youth, are crisp and clear, and the easy, confidential narration makes this a very readable autobiography, though it lacks anything memorable. Its tone is a self-mockery that only just avoids self-pity, and there is a briskness about the way the hero hustles on towards success that seems to rub the words smooth.

R. G. G. P.

**The Greer Case.** David W. Peck. *Cassell*, 13/6

When Mabel Seymour Greer, forty years married to "the scion of one of America's first families," died in New York City on August 10, 1946, leaving an estate worth over \$500,000, "there was no hint that the ending of her life was to be the beginning of a great court battle over her will and wealth, testing the talent and tenacity of an array of lawyers and absorbing the public in the daily reporting of the trial." Readers who share the predilection of Judge Peck (before whose court the case came up on appeal) for real-life judicial detective-stories, will be equally absorbed; for as in the Tichborne Case, Harold A. Segur's claim to be the dead woman's illegitimate

son, and heir to her fortune, could not be proved or disproved without the past, especially that of Mrs. Greer (who had no fewer than four aliases in her time), being probed and re-created to provide the necessary evidence. Thus the drama proceeds on two fascinating levels, as the psychology of this strange character is gradually laid bare and the cut and thrust of legal argument mounts to a climax.

J. M-R.

**It Gives Me Great Pleasure.** Cecil Beaton.  
*Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 16/-*

Mr. Beaton's account of his lecture tour of the women's clubs of America is urbane and amusing. It was a new departure for him and he trained for it seriously. Indeed his elocution lessons, in which he was forced to boom "moo, moo, moo" in his teacher's face, must have been almost as entertaining as the lectures themselves.

His itinerary covered a staggering number of towns, about practically all of which he has something nice to say. The exception is Norfolk, Virginia, but there a terrible night culminated in workmen demolishing with crowbars the wall in the passage outside his bedroom. It could also be deduced that green turkey

mousse, accompanied by green mayonnaise, is not his favourite food. Otherwise he seems to have received as much pleasure as he gave, and he returned home to the satisfying discovery that he could, at last, open a Wiltshire village fête without embarrassment.

The book contains only one photograph, presumably by another hand, of Mr. Beaton in his beautiful, Victorian, braid-trimmed, lecturing suit, but plenty of the author's lively sketches. J. M.

**The American Woman.** E. J. Dingwall.  
*Duckworth, 25/-*

This unfortunate account of an America where monstrous regiments of women, domineering, neurotic and resentful, have gradually come to lord it over a race of spineless and exhausted men accords ill with the continuing positive achievements of the new world. Dr. Dingwall, discovering in the United States an extreme degree of emotional abnormality, proceeds to explain it as founded on wide-spread frustrations and immaturities associated with shame-faced departures from still-revered Puritan ideals of sexual morality.

His researches bring him in contact with confidential matrons, date-making

bobby-soxers and dish-washing millionaires and take him to very many sources of minor erotic literature. Indeed he himself calls a spade a spade on every page with such phallic fervour and anthropological detail as to raise a suggestion of interest in soil hardly less than that in husbandry. It is perhaps not difficult to find in the American way of life anomalies and contradictions that are difficult and unhappy to explain, but no friend of the west can give this degrading interpretation unqualified acceptance.

C. C. P.

**Three Winters.** John Mortimer. *Collins, 13/6*

Elliptical and episodic in form, sharp and succinct in style, with elegiac overtones, Mr. Mortimer's new novel is recognizably the work of a professional writer who is not ashamed to produce a perfect microcosm instead of—like so many of his contemporaries—"showing promise" by coping inadequately with some grandiose and topical theme. Not that the subject of *Three Winters*—the unavoidable misunderstandings that arise between the generations, and the blighting influence of a sinister parent upon his daughter's later attitude towards love—is an unimportant one. It is none the less pointed by being illustrated against a civilized background rather than in the teenage world of juke boxes and neon lights that has begun to invade, from transatlantic sources, the English stage and screen.

In the central, wartime section, the author, returning to the documentary film world of his first novel *Charade*, produces a memorable sketch of a Russian cameraman which, posed against a tangle of barbed wire and a fierce and snarling sea, exemplifies his talent for portraiture at its most efficient level.

J. M-R.

## AT THE PLAY

**Much Ado About Nothing**  
(OLD VIC)

IT is bad luck on producers of *Much Ado About Nothing* that we should have had so recently a production as near perfect as could be hoped for in one generation. We know what magic can be distilled if the balance between Beatrice and Benedick happens to be exact, and if by a minor miracle the other characters are keyed to the rhythms set up at the centre. By this high standard Denis Carey's handling of the play at the Old Vic is in a middle notch. It has vitality, but little subtlety. It bolsters with small business a comedy in no need of trimmings. It turns one of the most exquisite games of verbal shuttlecock in the whole range of the theatre into a baseline slogging match, and in doing so makes *Much Ado* appear more ordinary stuff than it is.

Barbara Jefford and Keith Michell are young players who are steadily improving,



but at several points in this production they come closer to Katharina and Petruchio than Beatrice and Benedick. Their give-and-take is too simple, too direct; the Beatrice is a bit of a shrew, the Benedick a nice hearty young man of no great feeling; they lack poise, and the high gloss of the wit is dulled. Neither gives a bad performance. Each has plenty of personality, but here it is not geared to the special requirements of two very difficult parts.

Nor are any of the other characters exciting. The Leonato, Derek Francis, is a decent old man but not the kind of host one wants to sit up with over a bottle; the Don Pedro, John Humphrey, is not a sparkling guest, and his wicked brother, Derek Godfrey, seems a rip but certainly not a devil. As for Dogberry, Dudley Jones's miniature version is amusing but nothing like as funny as it could be.

In short, the delicate shades of character are missing, but as the robust comedy of intrigue which Mr. Carey has made it, the play was cheered to the danger of the roof timbers by the young worshippers at the Vic. A good deal of this ovation was deserved by Peter Rice, whose decoration is light and pleasing.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Under Milk Wood* (New—29/8/56), a new view of Dylan Thomas. *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56), Ustinov crackling political satire. *Mr. Bolfray* (Aldwych—5/9/56), good Bridie.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE PICTURES

*Bus Stop*

THERE was only one film press shown this time—more and more these days they seem to be cutting their losses, as well as their problematical gains, by putting films on without any press show—but happily it is one with plenty of angles for discussion. Moreover, no matter what anybody says, most people will agree that *Bus Stop* (Director: Joshua Logan) is enjoyable and impressively well done.

What can be said against it mostly comes down, in the end, to objections about the slightness of the story and the fact that it could have been, even if it was not, based on a quite mechanical formula for incongruity. (I'm ignoring the people, and they should have been ignored for some time, who start from the point that "this is a Marilyn Monroe film" and either express stupefaction at the discovery that she can act or else still misguidedly maintain that she can't.) The story is, to be sure, very slight: it is no more than an episode. But it is a significant episode and its implications grow in the mind, and it is, no question, very pleasingly done.

The central characters—and the other objection is that they might have been



Cherie—MARILYN MONROE

Bo—DON MURRAY

Carl—ROBERT BRAY

chosen because of their incongruity—are Bo, a lively young cowboy who has never been away from home before and hardly given a thought to girls, and Cherie ("Sheree," she says, "not *Sherry*"), the first girl who happens to take his fancy when he and his fatherly friend Virgil (Arthur O'Connell) go to Phoenix, Arizona, for the rodeo. She is young and in her own way simple-minded, but she has learnt quite a bit about men, and she is a fifth-rate "chantooze" in a cheap saloon. Virgil is much upset to see his young protégé fall for anyone like this: he has been encouraging Bo to find a girl, but what he had in mind was "a plain-lookin' little ole gal with a co-operatin' nature," and when Bo chooses Cherie he fears the worst.

Bo's idea of courtship is without subtlety: he wants the girl for his wife, and so far as he is concerned that settles that. Cherie herself, though attracted, is outraged by his disregard for her finer feelings and puts up as much of a struggle as she can; but Bo's heart is pure, he has the strength of ten and his determination is reinforced by a complete inability to see why anyone should object to his marrying Cherie and taking her home to Montana as soon as may be.

One thing that helps to change her mind is the sight of him being beaten, much to his astonishment and shame, in a fight. At the end, you don't need to be told, they are together.

Miss Monroe as Cherie is admirable. One must keep a sense of proportion about these things—I'm not saying she shows immense dramatic power or depth and I'm not forgetting the influence of a

skilful and experienced director; I do say she makes the girl a real, convincing person. Her parody of the incompetent saloon "chantooze" is wickedly funny, and yet it is recognizably the same girl, the same character, in one or two genuinely touching little scenes later. That in itself indicates a considerable range. As Bo, Don Murray has a superficially more obvious part: the keynote of it is enormous, show-off, schoolboy energy. But he too has his quieter moments, and very effective they are. There are first-rate small-part players—besides Mr. O'Connell they include Betty Field as the knowing proprietress of "Grace's Diner," the bus-stop of the title, where the passengers are snow-bound on the way back from Phoenix, and Eileen Heckart as a kindly waitress who comforts Cherie. The resources of the CinemaScope screen are sometimes expended on unnecessary close-ups, but visually too the piece is remarkably interesting. I found it very enjoyable.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Most impressive and profoundly pleasing film in London is Pagnol's *Harvest*, made in 1937, but never before seen here; more of this next week. *The Mountain* (24/10/56) and *Attack!* (24/10/56) and two of the big musicals, *Guys and Dolls* (3/10/56) and *The King and I* (26/9/56), continue.

Only one of the new releases was reviewed here: *Beyond Mombasa* (17/10/56), undistinguished story with good African detail.

RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS

*Pauvre Bitos* (THÉÂTRE MONTPARNASSÉ GASTON BATY)—*Requiem pour une Nonne* (THÉÂTRE MATHURIN MARCEL HERRAND)—*La Reine et les Insurgés* (THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE)—*Le Miroir* (THÉÂTRE DES AMBASSADEURS)—*Le Voyage à Turin* (THÉÂTRE DE LA MICHODIÈRE)—*Compagnie de Mime Marcel Marceau* (THÉÂTRE DE L'AMBIGU)—*La Belle Arabelle* (THÉÂTRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN)—*Grand Guignol* (THÉÂTRE DU GRAND GUIGNOL).

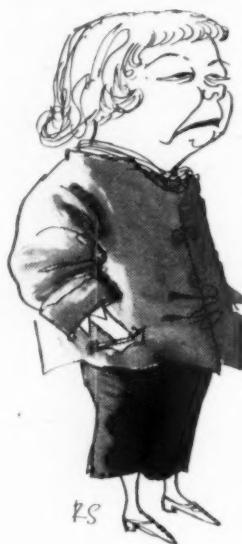
THE gloss of prosperity is still on Paris, but since the spring prices seem to have risen by about fifteen per cent, and this increase has already begun to hit the smaller theatres, several of which have closed. Other symptoms of change are the lamented execution of the lovers' tree in the garden below the Pont Neuf, and the arrival of whisky as the fashionable drink.

In Anouilh's new play, just on, enough Scotch is consumed to sink a Highland gillie. This piece, which takes a savage pleasure in hitting humanity unreservedly below the belt, has had the worst press any French play has received for a long time. Critics of every political slant have combined to damn it as an insult to France, as "streak-tease melancholic," as a torrent of mud; and it is hard to understand in what mood of perversity Anouilh has turned his gifts to such a stream of unrelieved hate, in which he drags out all the old bitterness over collaboration, not in any further attempt at assessment but simply to demonstrate in the most acid terms the total vileness of the human race.

As in so much of his work, *Pauvre Bitos* has a quality of charade. Its scene is a fancy-dress dinner, pinned to the

Revolution and given in a cellar by a bunch of gilded cads in order to humiliate a washerwoman's son become a magistrate, loathed at school for his

from the rock of William Faulkner's novel. It pulls no punches in its investigation of the reasons why a girl saved from a life of vice to which she wasn't born is tempted to return to it; it goes to the very dregs of the matter, but unlike *Pauvre Bitos* it does so with a kind of clinical compassion that takes for granted the odds against humanity. There are no sneers, but a tragic statement of fact which carries a note of genuine inevitability. The girl's negro maid, like herself an ex-prostitute, kills one of her mistress's children in a fit of dumb loyalty; and in the finest scene of this fine play the girl goes to the prison governor in the middle of the night to try to explain exactly what has led up to the crime for which her maid is to die. No histrionics; as if her own life depended on it the girl concentrates her whole being on finding the absolute truth about her past. At one point she speaks, uninterrupted, for over half an hour, but timelessly, so gripping is the self-revelation and so memorable the performance of Catherine Sellers, a young actress of great subtlety and depth of feeling. The stoic negress is played impressively by Tatiana Moukhine; her farewell on the eve of execution is enormously dramatic. This is, heaven knows, tough stuff, but it takes a god-like view.



*Le Miroir*  
Maryse—LUCIENNE BOGAERT



*La Reine et les Insurgés*  
Argia—EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE

brains and now detested for his probity. He is a perky little man, and during dinner stands up fairly well in the character of Robespierre to a hail of insolence. He is then shot with a blank cartridge, and fainting dreams for a whole act that he is suffering the agonies of Robespierre. On waking he rushes out into the night, to be drenched by a cloudburst and brought back, a ludicrous figure wrapped in a curtain, for a medicinal grog which his hosts turn into an orgy; and here M. Anouilh, not content with having set his third-rate hounds on one wretched little animal, shows his victim at last compromised by bribes.

No one can blame the French critics. Politics aside, pure bile is no more dramatic than pure virtue; there must be contrast. Theatrically *Pauvre Bitos* is arranged with a good deal of skill, so that the eye is often interested where the mind is embarrassed. A cleverly naïve performance by Michel Bouquet as Bitos helps to stiffen a company which, though good at the centre, weakens on the fringes.

Of very different calibre is *Requiem pour une Nonne*, the sombre and powerful piece which Albert Camus has carved

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*Requiem pour une Nonne*  
Temple Stevens—CATHERINE SELLERS



[*Le Voyage à Turin*

Madeleine—YVONNE PRINTEMPS

Ugo Betti's play, *La Reine et les Insurgés*, which we saw at the Haymarket last year, was a little disappointing. In itself it still stands as an excellent slice of slightly melodramatic theatre, but in the Paris production the tenser scenes lose by over-emphasis. The interrogator is very good at the beginning, and equally good at the end, but at the height of the interrogation Michel Vitold becomes too violent. The wounded general and the cowardly lover are also over-done; and I thought that as producer M. Vitold loses another trick in drowning the heroine's exit in unnaturally bright lights, which cheapens the end. The main fascination of the evening is, of course to watch Edwige Feuillère in the part which Irene Worth played so splendidly. In the first half, as the small-town prostitute, Mme. Feuillère gives an acutely observed performance; it is only in the second half, when the woman's pretence of being the queen melts almost into delusion, that the transformation misses for me some of the effect it had in London.

After his *Histoire de Rire* Salacrou's new play, *Le Miroir*, comes as small beer, not much bigger than a bock. Its people are so artificial that nothing that happens to them matters. The hero is a spoilt old film-star who has been on the tiles for twenty years because his wife was once unfaithful. They still mysteriously retain a reputation as the stage's happy

couple, but the current mistress is having a baby by him and kills herself on location. The best of the play is an adult and interesting conversation between the husband and wife (André Luguet and Lucienne Bogaert) when he discovers that she has known about his misdemeanours all the time; but admitting the power with which Maria Mauban broods over the mistress's dilemma, the acting which drew me more and more in an evening badly needing laughs was that of Jean-Pierre Marielle as the cynical butler, a master man who could have settled everything in this shallow story in five minutes, and certainly avoided a suicide.

*Le Voyage à Turin*, by André Lang, is also a thin little play, but it has charm and some wit and serves as an unpretentious shop window for a beautifully light duet between Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. Their mutual give-and-take in comedy is calculated to the flicker of an eyebrow, the smallest change of voice, the least movement in the emotional barometer. With relief we find no triangle, no infidelity, no amorous solemnity; simply an explosive domesticity, in which the third character, a privileged old servant, holds a watching brief. It says much for André Tainy that she fits in so well and adds an individual bonus.

No one going to Paris should miss for any reason Marcel Marceau's *Compagnie de Mime*, which mixes nonsense, fantasy,



[*Pauvre Bitos*

André Bitos—MICHEL BOUQUET



[*Compagnie de Mime* MARCEL MARCEAU

Bip—MARCEL MARCEAU

drama and pathos with taste and an astonishing skill in expression. Marceau himself, in his clown-character of Bip, is brilliant, and his company is crammed with talent. To begin to describe the pleasure they give would be to be drawn into a whole article.

On a lesser plane I enjoyed *La Belle Arabelle*, a restfully old-fashioned musical comedy built round those four engaging lunatics, Les Frères Jacques, the nearest things in France to the Marx Brothers. The piece is decorated above its station by Rémy Hetreau. It is neither smart, hard, nor noisy, its music pleases, there are no frightful barrel-chested tenors, and the affections go gratefully unsugared. Admittedly the brothers are diluted a little by the requirements of a rambling story, but they are still very funny, and so is one of the authors, Francis Blanche, who plays the sort of fat, easy-going policeman every village needs.

In addition, for our education, we took in the Grand Guignol, and found the programme as strange as its odd little gothic theatre. Attempts to freeze the blood seemed to be drawn from the cinema of about 1910, going no farther than a consul shooting his daughter in the Boxer Rising, and forgetful lighthouse-men setting fire to their tipsy girl-friends as a belated warning to shipping. Interspersed with these revelries were innocent one-act farces hinging mildly on aphrodisiacs and the bedroom embarrassments of a thunderstorm. As a collector's piece there was never a dull moment.

ERIC KEOWN



## ON THE AIR

### Balance in Hand

THE B.B.C., to its credit, is trying to make good the shortage of serious television material ("balance," the commercial boys call it) caused by the programme contractors' economy drive or culture squeeze. "Thursday Clinic," "Report from America," "The Edge of Success," "Zoo Quest," "Press Conference" "Special Inquiry," "The Brians Trust" and "Panorama" are all currently on the air, and most of them are worth watching.

Aidan Crawley's series "The Edge of Success" has lived up to its title, never quite hitting its nails firmly enough on the head, and only occasionally striking sparks of compelling interest from a subject of tremendous importance. I am aware of Mr. Crawley's difficulties. It is no easy matter to deal faithfully and fairly with such controversial economic topics as restrictive practices, inflation, automation and redeployment without descending to equivocation; and equivocation is more damaging to the little screen than a plague of sun-spots.

At times these programmes have consisted almost entirely of platitudinizing windbags and dull stretches of film (close-ups of factory processes can be lethal). Far too often the argument has revolved round the experiences of selected individuals, so that conclusions have seemed no more than dubious generalizations from particular case-histories. And throughout there has been too little, for my taste, of the hard task of facts and figures needed for a balanced judgment. Mr. Crawley would reply, no doubt, that



LORD CHANDOS MR. FRANK COUSINS MR. AIDAN CRAWLEY

"The Edge of Success"

it is impossible to get viewers interested in economic theory and policy without plugging the "human angle," and that only one viewer in hundreds will allow statistics to speak for themselves. And I would agree with him. My chief criticism of his approach is that it covers too broad a front to be penetrating.

I have no complaint to make about Crawley's own performance: he is a splendid guide in heavyweight matters, earnest, sincere and direct. The programme on the pay-packet, featuring an outstanding contribution by Lord Chandos, was easily the best of the series.

*En passant*, I must mention the Home Service series "Something in the City"—an attempt to explain some of the mysteries of the financial maze of London. The trouble here is that listeners are being invited to run before they can walk: an essential preliminary to any analysis of the functions of the City

is the removal of popular misconceptions, and in these programmes the excellent work of Harold Wincott is ruined because there is no time for this muck-shifting spade-work. What is the use of explaining the rules of the Stock Exchange to panelists and listeners who believe that a sale of equities reduces a company's capital, or that exports are important only because the Government refuses to print enough money to pay for imports in cash?

"Thursday Clinic" is an unsuccessful attempt to wring drama out of the routine work of a big hospital. I can see no point in it. It is always dangerous to mix professional actors with amateurs, for the amateurs tend to over-act in roles that they play beautifully

and naturally every day of their lives, and the professionals instinctively under-act to restore the histrionic balance. So while I can say that the players (mostly medical staff) acquitted themselves well, I have to add that their combined effort was unconvincing.

Surely it would have been wiser and more instructive to document the daily round of the hospital worker, nurse or doctor. We all know (or can imagine) what the receptionist says to the new patient, how the doctors prod his stomach and comfort him with apples of wisdom. What we don't know—and would like to know—is how good nurses are developed from raw recruits, how much time they spend in training, how they relax, how many fall down on the job, how many win promotion, and so on. A camera on the prowl doesn't really tell us very much about a clinic.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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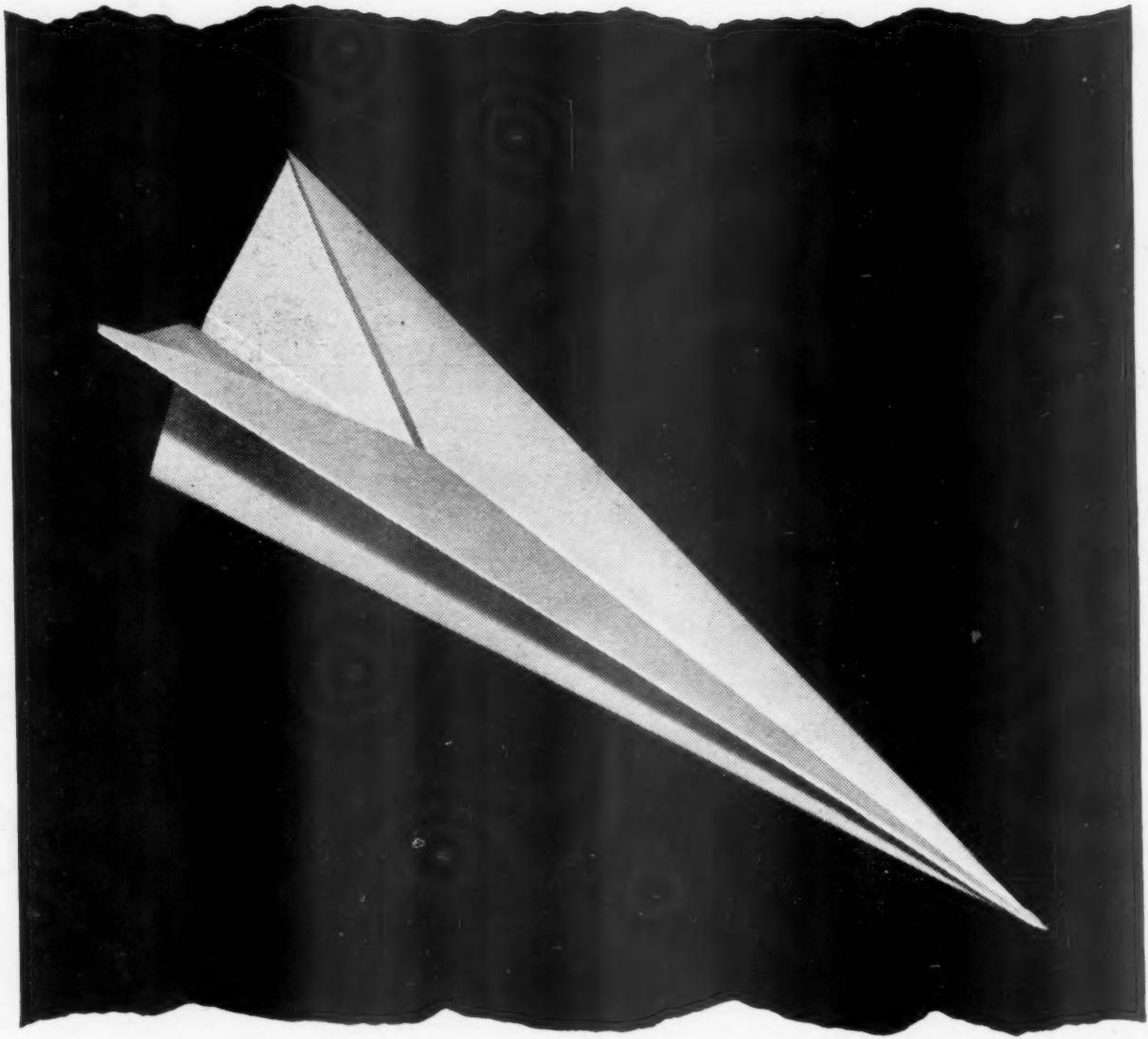


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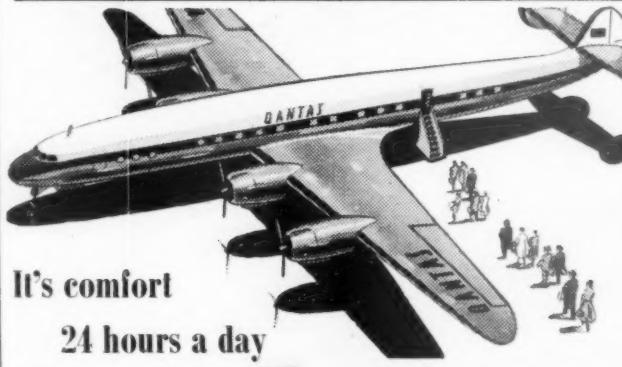
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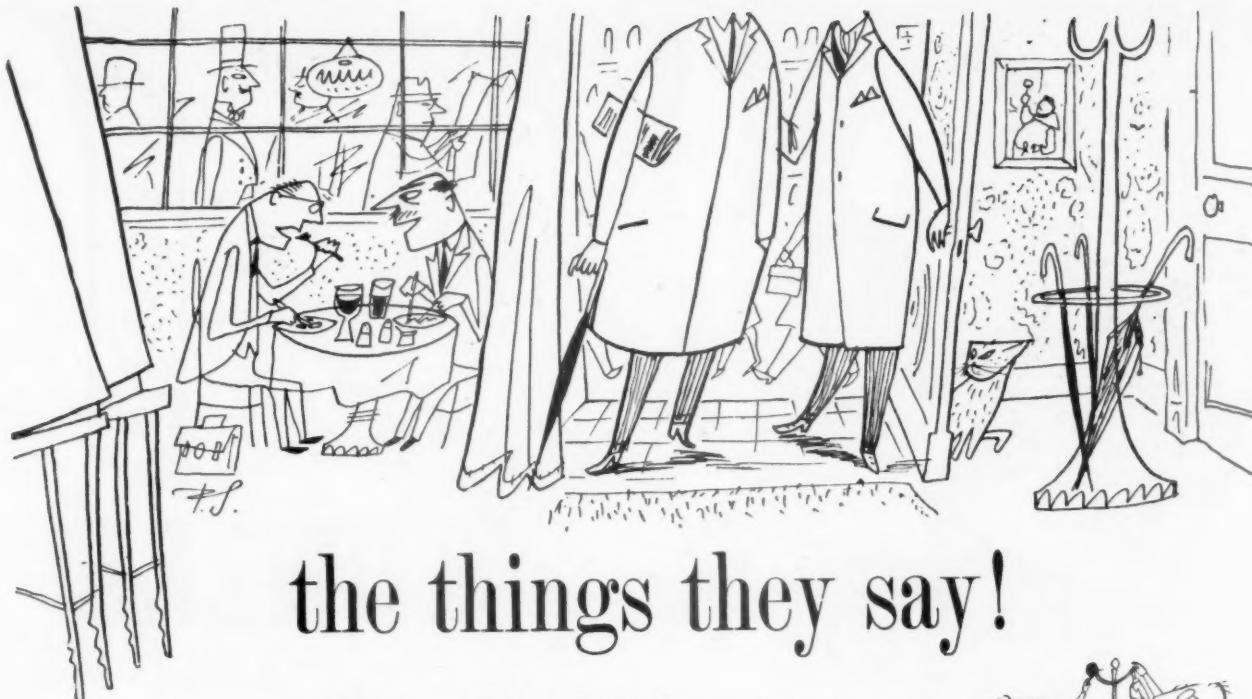
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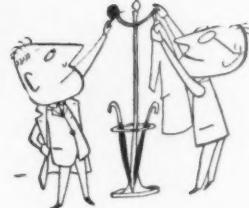
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Yes, they've been doing well.

*How do they manage it, I wonder?*

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# NOVEMBER

## *The School Play*

A PROFESSIONAL ACTOR, watching the parents take their seats, which are excessively hard, in the gymnasium, which is excessively cold, might well experience a sinking of the heart. This audience has not come to be purged by pity or by terror; this audience is incapable of rolling, however figuratively, in the aisles. Except for a sprinkling of new boys' mothers and the insufferable parents of the star performer, this audience knows what it is in for. The lights go out, one by one. The small but cumbersome curtains part jerkily, and the music-master, clad in a duffle-coat and partially asphyxiated, is revealed trying to abate the clouds of smoke pouring from the witches' cauldron. He stumbles off, and an outburst of coughing drowns the opening incantations of the Three Weird Sisters. Before the November afternoon is over, the feeling, common to most of the parents, that their offspring deserved a role more prominent than that allotted to him, has evaporated. Second Murderer was about his mark, after all. In sagging tights, a huge black wig and a dagger the size of a cutlass, Timothy never really gave the impression of being at home on the stage. A total lack of conviction marked the manner in which he piped his lines, whose delivery appeared to cause him acute embarrassment. "You were much the best, darling", his mother loyally tells him afterwards, tactfully suppressing the impulse to get to work with a moistened handkerchief on the deposits of burnt cork remaining in his eyebrows. His father asks him if he has been any good at football this term. "Thank Heavens", he says a little later in the car, "we haven't got to go through that again until next year."



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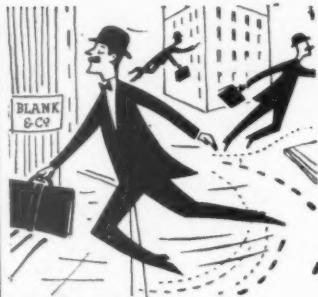
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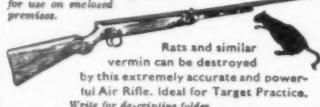
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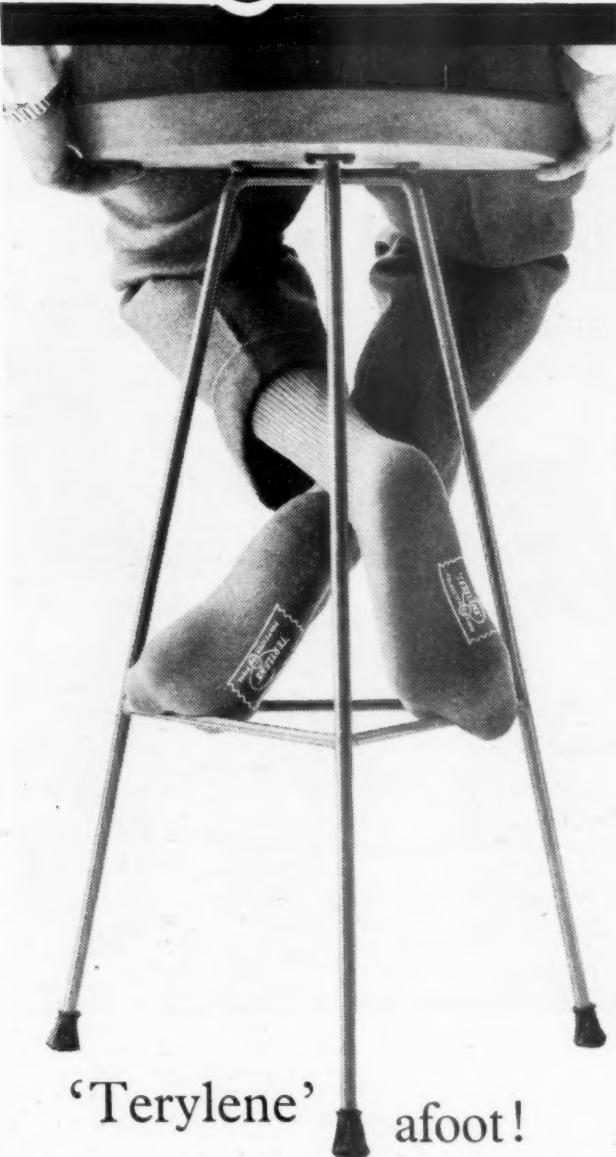
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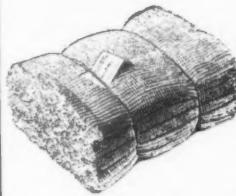
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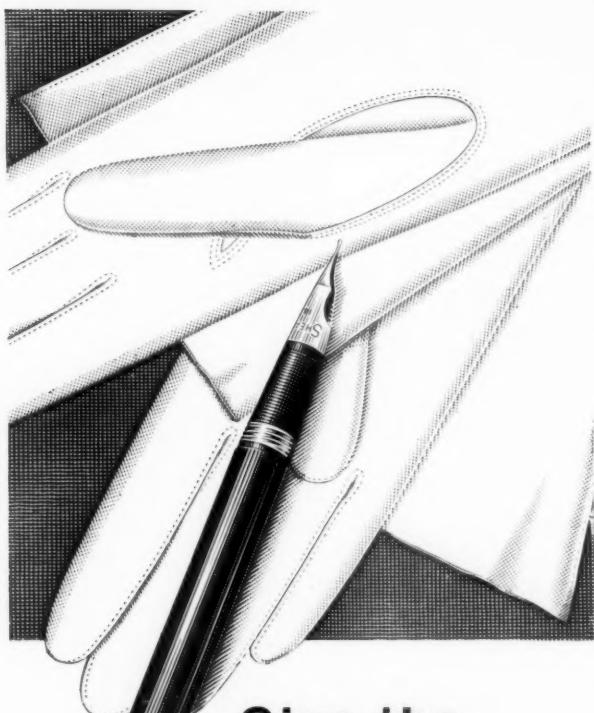
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